DEMOCRACY'S CHILDREN

DUNCAN

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DEMOCRACY'S CHILDREN

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by

ETHEL M. DUNCAN

Introduction by RACHEL DAVIS DUBOIS

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To

MY MOTHER

and to the future of my neighbors' children,

Eleanor and Joseph Stark

PREFACE

The projects described in this book present factual material about many of the cultural and racial groups represented in an American classroom, and suggest techniques for integrating such knowledge with the regular activities of elementary school children.

The stories of Strawberry Street School are offered in a fictionized form, but the situations, pupil responses, teacher guidance, and developed projects are authentic records of the author's own experience as a teacher in American schools. It is because intercultural education when functioning is so much more surprising and rewarding than any abstract of the subject would lead one to expect that the material is so presented.

The book lays no claim to erudition in the fields of social science. The reader is referred to the experts for guidance in the psychiatry of maladjustment, for a working knowledge of anthropology, for a broader concept of history, for analysis of the sociological factors involved in race and culture group conflict.

What this book does presume to do is to pass along a few tested recipes for building attitudes of mutual understanding and appreciation among the children of varied ethnic groups who meet in the schoolrooms of America.

No attempt has been made to report on all types of intercultural education. Within the community will be found numerous expressions of friendly inter-group action. Churches, P.T.A.'s, clubs, co-operatives, attacking problems of common interest, are providing a working basis for overcoming prejudices. The school will wish to co-ordinate its efforts with those of its neighborhood in building attitudes of goodwill.

I wish to express my appreciation to Dr. Rachel Davis DuBois for the influence her pioneering work in intercultural education has had upon my teaching over a period of years. To Miss Hazel Erchinger, Miss Mary Smythe, Mrs. Elsie Cheney, and Miss Fay Collicott of the Girard College library staff I am indebted for the help they have generously given me in research work. Thanks are due to Mr. John W. Leydon of the Spanish Department of Girard College for proofreading the Spanish section, and to Ruth Edwards Davis for advice in arranging the manuscript. I should like here to thank the editors of *American Childhood*, Milton Bradley Company, for permission to reprint the stories of Strawberry Street School first published by them during the school year of 1943-44 in a series entitled "In These United States." For permission to reprint the sketch "Conversation at Lunch" thanks are due to the American Junior Red Cross.

ETHEL M. DUNCAN

July 1945.

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INTRODUCTION

By Rachel Davis DuBois

Democracy's children are the children of cultural diversity. What is cultural diversity? What has the increase in juvenile delinquency—adolescent fist-fighting, and the more organized race riots breaking out in our neighborhoods and cities—to do with such diversity? How can our cultural diversity be used for the enrichment of our growing American culture? What is the role of the public school and the classroom teacher in relation to all this?

What is cultural diversity? Look at the Army casualty lists, at the names of the players on an all-American football team, or at almost any public school register, and you will find cultural diversity—*Adams, Agababian, Alvarez, Burns, DiCicco, Goldberg, Lisowski, O'Brien.*

We have been from the beginning a land built by peoples from many countries. A little probing will uncover evidences of our early heterogeneity, among them, for instance, a chronicle of the little trading post at the end of Manhattan Island, of which Father Isaac Jogues wrote in 1643:

> There may be 4,500 men of different sects and nations; the director (Kieff) told me there were persons there of eighteen different languages.

When we consult the records of our Revolutionary War we find, in varying numbers, the names of French, Spanish, Hollanders, Belgians, Germans, Scandinavians, Scots, Irish, Welsh, Italians, Czechs, Poles, Bohemians, Lithuanians, Africans, as well as of Indians, and of the predominant English.

In 1933, Woofter, using as an indication of heterogeneity the presence in each county of at least 1,000 persons of a race other than white, or of 1,000 persons born outside the United States, found that two-thirds of the counties in the country were heterogeneous. In the cities, particularly in the industrial Eastern and Middle Western ones, he found this complexity reached larger proportions. In New York City alone, out of a population of 1,688,184 children under fifteen years of age, only 523,118 were the children of native-born white parents.[1]

More recently a study of Pittsburgh[2] proved that first- and second-generation Americans and Americans other than white constitute the largest percentage of the population, while a survey made of schools in Louisiana in 1942 proved that one in every five of the pupils in that state come from homes speaking a foreign language.

Sinclair Lewis drew a word picture of the typical American in his novel *Arrowsmith.*

> Martin was, like most inhabitants of Elk Hills, before the Slavo-Italian immigration, a typical pure-bred Anglo-Saxon American, which means that he was a union of German, French, Scotch, Irish, perhaps a little Spanish, conceivably a little of the strains lumped together as "Jewish," and a great deal of English, which is in itself a combination of primitive Briton, Celt, Phoenician, Roman, German, Dane, and Swede.

We are, then, and have been from the beginning, a land built by the brain and brawn of people from other countries, or people whose backgrounds lie in other countries. These people have not come empty-handed. They have brought with them both material and non-material culture traits which they have contributed, as best they could, to our continuously and cumulatively growing

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[1] "The Status of Racial and Ethnic Groups," by T. J. Woofter, *Recent Social Trends,* McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1933, I, 553 ff.

[2] *A Social Study of Pittsburgh,* by Philip Klein, Columbia University Press, New York, 1938. The chapter on racial and ethnic stratification is an excellent description of conditions.

American culture. What are culture traits? Shall we agree that they are the typical ways of doing things of a group of people? Your English or Irish great-grandmother, no doubt, always served afternoon tea from a teapot, your Russian grandmother served it from a samovar, and your Swedish or German ancestors had their *Kaffeeklatschen.*

Some of the culture traits brought to this country—especially those that had to do with our colonial and early state development—have been strong enough to impose themselves upon and to blend with our basically English culture, and have thus become, in varying degrees, parts of our total culture. Some of these have found expression in the co-operatives of the Scandinavians in the North Central states, the cattle industry developed by the Spanish in the Southwest, and the kindergarten movement among the Germans in various parts of the country. On the other hand, however, many traits have been dropped by the wayside during the process of Americanization through which immigrants have passed.

In the documentary film *The River* we are shown that our natural resources have been wasted because of the thoughtless, wholesale cutting down of our great forests. Again and again, as the picture unfolds, its theme hammers upon our ears: "We built a hundred cities and a thousand towns. At what a cost!"

We might use that same thunderous theme to epitomize the frequent waste of the cultural resources that exist within our diversity. They have been too often wasted because of the terrific social pressure that has developed all over this country—owing mainly to the machine age conquering every phase of life—upon every one to think alike and act alike.

A second-generation Swede, for example, tells of the way his grandparents celebrated Christmas. "I remember Little Christmas, which started our celebration on December 13, and the St. Lucia crown. Now, we just get together and eat," he says.

Second-generation children of minority groups possessing knowl-

edge of a foreign language often have a shamefaced feeling about their bilingual skill because this home-drawn knowledge does not enjoy the social approval given the formal study of foreign languages in high school or college.

It is true that many of the cultural traits brought here could stand being dropped by the wayside—old-world patterns at odds with our democratic attitudes toward life, such as the domineering attitude toward wives and children of fathers from some European countries, for example. There are other culture traits, however, which in the interests of a growing American culture may well be preserved, or renewed if they have already been dropped. Note, for example, the new appreciation of the strikingly colorful folk art which our German immigrants of the eighteenth century brought with them and which found expression in Pennsylvania in their pottery, their chests, their stove-plates, their glassware, and their birth and baptismal certificates long after such art had died out in Germany. "Gaudy Dutch," other Americans once called it, and so, by the middle of the nineteenth century, it had gone the way of most unappreciated and sneered-at things. Today a revival of interest in this folk art, stimulated by museums, teachers, and craftsmen, is preserving a cultural gift that was all but lost. There are evidences today of a renewed interest in the arts and crafts of various cultural and regional backgrounds, an interest which should be encouraged if we are to see our common American life become culturally enriched rather than wasted.

The increased mingling of peoples in every community and in every country today makes our cultural diversity even more significant and the role of the school that much more challenging. A classroom teacher cannot afford to assume that Israel Zangwill's *Melting Pot* has always done its job and that she need give no more thought to the problem of assimilation merely because children of so many culturally diverse backgrounds are sitting in front of her dressed in the usual fashion and looking more or less

alike. It is partly because we have ignored the problem that cultural diversity poses, ignored it as a problem and as a promise, that we are now caught in the meshes of race and culture conflict; and it will be only by careful thinking, planning, and cooperative action that individuals of various cultural groups will acquire such mutual confidence that they will be able to adjust the economic and political problems that concern their living together.

The teacher can do little to alleviate the problems immediately. The securing of equal job, housing, recreational, and voting opportunities for the parents of democracy's children involves a long-term program and is the responsibility of all community agencies. The classroom teacher, however, by drawing upon the promise involved in our cultural diversity, can reap immediate results. This book is a report of what one teacher has done. By finding ways to give social recognition in the classroom to the diverse backgrounds of her pupils, Miss Duncan has demonstrated ways of bringing us closer to the promise of our diversity. A sharing of cultural inheritance takes place when the Chinese-American girls are entertained by the Fifth Graders of Strawberry Street School; when Greta Nilsson describes the Crown of Light her mother wore in Sweden at Christmas time; when Gerald Rosenbaum writes the Hebrew alphabet on the board; when Ricardo Velasquez offers his bit of Spanish; when Mrs. Agababian brings her Armenian pastry to the P.T.A. party. The Negro children are given a sense of pride in the contributions of their race to the development of America, the white children grow in important knowledge, when the class makes a scrapbook of Negro history and biography after Dr. George Washington Carver's recipe for peanut butter candy has given them all a happy time together.

Intercultural education programs in various regions of this country show the growing interest of the schools in helping to save and to share with one another our socially valuable cultural

resources.[3] The presence in the classroom of children of ethnically diverse backgrounds, whether of old-American stock or of recent-immigrant parentage, will suggest to the school the promise of an ever-growing culture fed by all the world. The granting of social recognition to the gifts of all will aid in the personality orientation of all and so contribute to the reduction of inter-group conflicts.

The classroom teacher will understand that this is a very complex problem, that the adjustment and integration of our various cultural strains is, as Louis Adamic points out, a "process of a most dynamic and furious kind and not too well understood by the most advanced old-stock Americans."[4] But this will not deter her, for the whole process of education is just as complex and furious.

The giving of social recognition to the gifts of the members of minority groups, as well as to the achievements of members of dominant groups, is one way of producing an emotionally satisfying atmosphere of friendliness and appreciation, and every classroom teacher will want to become inventive in finding ways of introducing different racial and cultural groups to one another. The vast development of the world's thinking in the field of material invention makes urgent now a consideration of new social inventions in the realm of human relations, if we are to co-operate in solving the problems of living together harmoniously.

Basic to an understanding of the problem is an acquaintance with the findings of anthropologists on questions of race differences. So confused has this subject been made through theories of racism promulgated by Nazi "scientists" that it is essential for the classroom teacher to be able to combat false notions with facts set forth in such writings as Ruth Benedict's book *Race: Science and*

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[3] See Department of Supervisors and Directors 1942 Yearbook, *Americans All: Studies in Intercultural Education,* National Education Association, Washington, D. C.

[4] *What's Your Name,* by Louis Adamic, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1942, p. 46.

Politics, her pamphlet, *The Races of Mankind,* and Otto Klineberg's *Race Differences.*

In approaching this task, the teacher will also want to understand something of the history of immigration and the various theories of Americanization. There was first that theory which urged that the new immigrants cut off all contact with their past, cultural as well as political. This theory developed out of the older immigrants' desire to maintain their positions of dominance, and out of alarm over increased economic pressures intensified by the First World War.

The intervening years have shown the error of this philosophy, for it disregarded the fact that no individual can deny his background and at the same time remain a balanced personality. What actually happened was that the personalities of the second-generation Americans suffered most, and consequently there developed the well-recognized problem of the gap between these young people and the parents they had learned to look down upon. The young frequently adopted the worst elements in American life, and because of their feeling of not "belonging," plus their rejection of the controls of parents they no longer respected, they often became problem children in school and raised the statistics of juvenile delinquency.

Another type of reading, then, which will prove to be of great value to the classroom teacher, is to be found in the growing number of autobiographies of immigrants, minority-group people and second-generation Americans. The writings of Louis Adamic lead in popularity,[5] but there are also such books as Jerry Mangione's *Mount Allegro* and Pardee Lowe's *Father and Glorious Descendant.* Any library will have a number of good books about the Negro. One might begin with an autobiography, such as W. E. B. DuBois' *Dusk of Dawn,* or with *The Negro Caravan,* Sterling Brown's collection of poetry.

[5] See his *From Many Lands, My America, Grandsons,* and *What's Your Name.*

Nor were children of minority groups alone seriously affected by a theory which promoted such a general feeling of the inferiority of the new immigrants. In 1928 Bruno Lasker pointed out the dangers it held for children of the dominant groups. In *Race Attitudes in Children*[6] he cited a child psychologist as saying that children of the exclusive group may "become egotistic and self-centered, domineering and lacking in sympathetic tolerance." They also may become "snobbish, feel superior, form their own groups, and thus their lack of sympathetic understanding prevents the development of the kind of individuals needed to preserve our American democratic ideals."[7]

It is one of the problems of American education today that such children upon reaching maturity do not always slough off these egotistic and snobbish attitudes; that all too often in our schools adults entrusted with the guidance of the young will actually use the cultural, religious, or racial background of minority-group children as a taunt, as the "explanation" of any naughtiness on their part. Instead of using every opportunity to give the minority-group child a sense of belonging, of being an integral part of American life, such adults inflict upon him a sense of separateness and frustration.

Dr. James S. Plant, in his book *Personality and the Cultural Pattern*, emphasizes the relationship of a sense of security, or "belongingness," to personality adjustment, noting that the psychiatrist finds extensive elements of insecurity in a large number of maladjusted individuals. This "belongingness" is rooted in the family relationship, in religion, in the culture pattern. Anxiety reactions appear in children who do not experience an adequate sense of "belongingness." "For instance," says Dr. Plant, "one

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[6] *Race Attitudes in Children,* by Bruno Lasker, Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1929, p. 253.

[7] *Frustration and Aggression,* published for the Institute of Human Relations, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1939, pp. 124-126.

gets the same thing in a child of four, five, or six who for the first time flatly meets the situation of belonging to a minority race."[8]

The classroom teacher, then, will make the complex problem of personality development and its relation to emotional security a lifelong study. To aid in producing a greater sense of security she will find ways to give recognition not only to what the child himself is, but to what his family is and to what his group is—insofar as he is conscious of being part of a group. She will find Louis Adamic's book *What's Your Name* very helpful in deciding what to do about some of the difficult-sounding foreign names found in most classrooms. Mr. Adamic reports on how some teachers have solved the problem in a most creative way. He points out that "To many people the problem of their identity is inextricably concerned with that of finding their natural place, their creative or productive niche in the world of human beings."[9]

This attempt on the part of the teacher to help her pupil to find his "creative and productive niche" will increase her interest in a new theory which is developing in regard to our cultural diversity. This theory is known as "cultural democracy." The principles that underlie it have been presented in the writings of John Dewey, M. P. Follett, Isaac Berkson, E. George Payne, and others. One writer who holds the theory clarifies its meaning for us when he points out that the

> quality of a future civilization in the United States will be superior or inferior in just the proportion that *all* peoples and races foregathered as its citizens *give to each other* of the best of their traditions, customs and folkways.[10]

Cultural democracy demands more than tolerance. It demands

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[8] *Personality and the Cultural Pattern,* by Dr. James S. Plant, The Commonwealth Fund, New York, 1937, p. 99.

[9] *What's Your Name,* op. cit., p. 75.

[10] "A New Americanism," by Malcolm Dana, *The Country Life Bulletin,* Congregational Church Extension Boards, December, 1933, V, 5. (Italics ours.)

shared experience: a thinking, feeling, and acting together. M. P. Follett has pointed out that democracy demands creative experience through constant and conscious sharing of values.[11] Cultural democracy, then, demands that emphasis be placed upon the sharing of those socially valuable contributions of the various ethnic groups which exist in the United States to the end that new values may emerge in our culture which shall have in them the best elements of the older values. Insofar as this process takes place, a new culture will evolve and little of value from our diverse cultural elements will have been lost. The classroom teacher has it in her power to stimulate this cultural renaissance.

[11] *Creative Experience,* by M. P. Follett, Longmans, Green and Company, New York, 1924.

Part I

AN APPROACH TO INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION

As educators we have frequently failed to make use of the cultural inheritance, the heart knowledge, of all of democracy's children. Looking backward I can see that first class of girls and boys whom a swift-flowing vacation had swept inevitably into September and my room. They were Americans all, cradled within an hour's ride of the Statue of Liberty, but they had roots in a diversity of cultures.

We thought little then of the values inherent within these cultures, little of what minorities had to share with the dominant group. The dominant group was on the giving end, the minority on the receiving. This is the way it was on the level of ideas. On the level of potatoes, nine-year-old Sammy Siesema showed me, that first year, how it feels to belong to a group regarded as having nothing to offer.

It was the time of the winter shower of blessings that fell upon the town's underprivileged by benefit of the schools, collaborating with benevolent citizens of upper, or merely comfortable, brackets. Every child who had something to offer brought to the teacher a gift of food for the unfortunate. Now Sammy's family had no brackets whatever to hold them up, but he laid a large potato on my desk and the scrap of paper that came with it said, "From Sammy Siesema for the Poor."

A Lady Bountiful spirit has long characterized the dominant group in the matter of cultural gifts as in other things. Too often the minorities have been invited to receive, but not to share.

Children are sensitive to emotional and intellectual attitudes and may easily infer from the school's climate that the cultural heritage of the "foreign" home is a thing to be rejected, that the racial minority is inferior, that religious freedom is a mere abstraction set down in the Bill of Rights.

Prejudices rest upon just such false assumptions as these, prejudices from which scorned and scorner alike suffer. There can be no true education for democracy's children unless the school aims to build for the good life, and self-respect coupled with the respect of and for others is basic to the good life. Such mutual respect cannot be divorced from respect for the culture group to which the individual belongs, and everyone in America is conscious of membership in several groups: cultural, racial, creedal.

That the schools can aid in reducing inter-group tensions, that they can be made an instrument for the growth of democracy, cultural as well as political, is affirmed again and again. Discussion of the problems growing out of race and culture group conflicts in this country is a feature of almost every assembly of teachers and school administrators today. Talk not translated into action can, and often does, tumble into the gulf which yawns between the platform and the first row of seats in the auditorium, there to expire unregarded; yet the teacher, upon whom rests the responsibility of translating the findings of the anthropologist and the social psychologist into a classroom program, usually finds that the techniques of teaching intercultural education have been dealt with in the vaguest terms.

Intercultural education is a grass-roots movement. The classroom teacher and the classroom pupils represent the starting point, insofar as the schools are concerned in this movement. A class is potentially, or in reality, a unified group capable of being led into acting together in a constructive way. By recognizing what each child has to offer, by opening the way for spontaneous participation in an interesting activity, by encouraging sharing instead of the showing-off which is a concomitant of the com-

petitive race for marks, the teacher lays the basis for healthy attitudes. If, however, we are to reach the goal of improved inter-group relationships, the whole school situation must foster the program thus begun.

Intercultural education is not to be regarded as an extra subject to which we will devote twenty minutes a day or one assembly program a term. It is, rather, a making use of the opportunities which arise in every classroom, in the pursuit of any subject, for the development of attitudes of appreciation and understanding. Although some overt expression of contempt or ill-usage on the part of one group of children toward other individuals or groups may demand a direct attack upon the problem of prejudice, the indirect, casual approach to intercultural education is better. The more completely it is integrated with regular classroom studies, the better.

Let us consider the February calendar, for illustration. It is not an uncommon practice during this month to prepare assembly programs about our national heroes Washington and Lincoln. Since Negro History Week also comes in February, this time-honored framework of study offers an excellent opportunity for increasing the children's knowledge of the Negro American Phillis Wheatley; gifted and attractive, she presents us with a less hackneyed theme for Washington's Birthday than does the cherry tree. And she too can be dramatized!

Lincoln and the Thirteenth Amendment, Susan B. Anthony and Amendment Nineteen, offer truly interesting makings for a program dealing with the widening frontiers of human rights. Very easily the freedom theme can be pushed across the Rio Grande to include the story of Juarez, or into South America to discover Bolivar.

December! There is a season for school parties! Such celebrations can readily be made the vehicles for intercultural education. Since time immemorial people have tried to light the darkness of winter with festivals, so it is not strange that we find a wealth of

customs from all the world centering around the Christmas story, or around the Chanukkoh season. The cultural heritage of all the children will find lively and beautiful expression in relation to this unifying theme. Most significant if it has a sound classroom basis, the school festival should be planned early so that when December comes episodes for it may be pulled from classroom projects in various grades.

In the story of Strawberry Street School we find the children talking, long before Christmas, about Mexico. A *piñata* is made and set aside for the winter festival. At another time they learn about Chanukkoh customs, and the groundwork is laid for carrying the menorah lamp in the festival procession. Sweden's St. Lucia is the subject of another talk, and Greta Nilsson's father makes a Crown of Light for the school play.

March comes, and St. Patrick's Day is noted in numerous schools. How arid the treatment of this great subject in many instances! Yet there is a wealth of cultural history to draw upon, history that will give St. Patrick his proper stature and Ireland its rightful place in the story of the world.

Springtime and poetry are usually found to be companionable. Slant the two toward an understanding of the peoples that make America and you have again the casual, natural approach to intercultural education. This can be done through bits of informal conversation about the spring festivals of the world, a venture into creative writing, or a study of poetry translated from other languages. In a friendly and interested school atmosphere a fifth-grade boy wrote of the spring festival of Passover as he had in winter written of December's Chanukkoh Lights:

Deliverance

Pesach in the Hebrew tongue,
That day of great rejoicing,
Started in those early days—
Those days when the world was young.

Ah, those cakes of unleavened bread!
They seem to say,
"With us, with us,
With us celebrate Pesach!"
—STANLEY

The classroom project upon which the children may, at any given portion of the term, be concentrating their time and effort will make its own demands. One cannot always foresee what these demands will be. The Fifth Graders in a certain school were making a play out of Marco Polo's story when a need arose. The returning Polos were talking to the incredulous woman who opened the door of their old home in Venice. "But, madam, you are mistaken, we are not beggars but the Polos returned from Cathay!"

"Let's not say 'madam,' " suggested the teacher. "Let's use the Italian word for 'madam' or 'woman' or 'mother.' We could insert an occasional Italian word in the conversation all through the play."

At the moment, the teacher had no other purpose in mind than the enrichment of the play, and she was as surprised as she was pleased when a boy said, "I'll get my grandmother to tell me some Italian words. She can speak Italian." Then other pupils of Italian background offered to bring in words for the play, thus reversing a once common reluctance on the part of children to admit a knowledge of a language other than English. The teacher who can recite a little French poem or sing a German song will be rewarded by an exhibition of often unsuspected language skills possessed by her pupils.

To secure the creative type of conversation it is necessary that the atmosphere of the classroom and the relationship between teacher and pupils be truly democratic, that there be established a relaxed atmosphere, a friendly climate. It is expected that when an assembly program emphasizing intercultural education is presented, it will represent true growth in thinking and feeling, that it will be no mere matter of form without roots.

One of the projects described in this book centers around candy-making. An incomparable study this proves to be in the estimation of Joe Lisowski, and Edith Adams, and all the rest of the Fifth Graders. The *kind* of candy is what makes it a loaded lesson. It is peanut butter candy and Dr. George Washington Carver supplies the recipe. The peanut fudge is bait; elementary science and biography comprise the subject matter; some knowledge of Negro achievement in the fields of science and education is a result.

If classes are quite homogeneous culturally and racially, intercultural studies may be introduced, nevertheless. Through folk art, music, and dance, and through the fine arts, children may be vicariously introduced to another race or culture, but the teacher will be wise if she tries to arrange learning situations where the pupils meet persons of another race or culture group. Such situations should be made interesting, informal, social.

The Fifth Graders of Strawberry Street School were studying China. There were no children of Oriental background in any of the classes, so the teacher arranged to have two young Chinese-American girls entertained at a party given by the class. A similar technique has been used successfully in a school lacking Negro pupils. In this case, Negro boys were invited to share a program and light refreshments with a seventh-grade class in a boys' school. In the course of the informal morning program the hosts and their visitors became very friendly, swapped nicknames and addresses, and within a few days were writing to one another. The following letter from one of the Negro boys is a fair sample of what may be termed an evaluation of attitudes, expressed in authentic boy spelling and punctuation:

> Dear Rabbit, Turtle, Gen. Wilson, Mo-Kenzie River, Hot Dog and Oak Tree,
>
> It has been very good to hear from you. I sure enjoyed your letters and Robert don't forget to order those comic books tell all the gang when I see them again I will have comic books waiting for them. I hope you all are well and give my regards

to your teacher for the splendid time we all had and don't forget to come to our school for the Chinese exhibit.

Sincerely yours,
Fatso

P.S. Riddle. Do you no whose dead. Send the answer in the next letter.

The invitation to see the program on China was accepted and visitors and hosts reversed positions.

Glancing through one teacher's class-history book in which she has noted her pupils' far-from-provincial contacts with the world at large and with different regions of this country, we find potential wealth for intercultural sharing:

Joseph M.—Mother and grandmother, born in Naples, visited Vesuvius. Can speak Italian.

Alfonse D.—Father was a gondolier in Venice.

Margaret T.—Has a rock collection from Rocky Mountain region. Old-stock American.

Edwin F.—Can write the Hebrew alphabet.

Louise S.—Speaks German. Has lived in Middle West.

Joseph B.—Mother received a letter from Russia written in Russian.

Edward M.—Father wrote for him in Polish, "May God bless you and be with you always."

Carl B.—Has a genealogy book at home containing his family's history. Old-stock American.

Edward C.—Received a package from London containing a Christmas gift from grandmother.

Olive K.—Born in Canada of Scottish parentage. Has a book on the tartans.

Joseph B.—Traveled to Genoa and to Rome when he was eight years old. Saw his uncle, a priest. Is writing a letter in Italian to his uncle.

William P.—Has a poem his grandfather composed in Welsh.

Rachel D.—Brought her great-great-grandmother's pewter cream pitcher to school. Family in this country since 1600's.

Thomas H.—Grandmother has a pot of earth from County Cork.

Salem K.—Brought to school a letter his uncle had written in Arabic.

Daniel T.—Spent one summer on a ranch in Southwest.

Susan D.—Old-stock American of Pennsylvania German background. Has an old Dutch bride's chest at home.

Leonard R.—Corresponds with an American Indian boy who has sent him arrowheads and a leather belt from New Mexico.

Harold M.—Old-stock Negro American. Aunt is an artist who teaches him clay modeling.

It matters little whether the Mexican *piñata* game is woven permanently into our American culture pattern, or whether the St. Lucia Crown of Light is adopted generally in American homes. It is not our purpose to teach Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, or basic Chinese to elementary school children. It *is* important that social recognition be given to the language, arts, and festival cultures of all peoples from whom democracy's children have sprung.

As Dr. Rachel Davis DuBois points out, such social recognition is important to the child of the dominant group as well as to the minority-group child, and it is important to the homes from which the children come. It will often enable a family that may be shorn of anything that speaks of a cultural heritage to pick up the old songs, the folk dances, the handcrafts, the festival customs once shunned as un-American, and by so doing it may effect personality integration and ultimately help to resolve our race and culture conflicts.

The teacher cannot hope to bring about effective intercultural education without the aid of the child's other social worlds—the home, the church, the community. Unified effort is essential, and the Parent-Teachers' Association will do well if it endeavors to implement the program by concerning itself with a study of the problems of group tensions and their removal. Members of the P.T.A. may then be able to activate the entire community in

developing a constructive and co-operative program of intercultural education.

E. C. Lindeman says, "Human problems which are over-intellectualized tend to remain on a level either above or below experience."[1] In developing the group activities described in this book, an attempt has been made to provide a framework for intercultural education which is an experience and not a mere academic discussion of the subject.

[1] "Next Steps in Education for Racial Understanding: A Philosophical Approach," by Eduard C. Lindeman, in *Journal of Negro Education*, Summer, 1944, No. 3, p. 407.

Part II

CLASSROOM PROJECTS

1

LATIN AMERICA

Fun From Mexico

The teacher read down the list of names that came with her new class. "Like an itemized bill with a delivery of packages," she thought. "*Adams, Agababian, Alvarez, Burns, DiCicco, Goldberg, Lisowski, O'Brien*—'What's in a name?' " It would be fun to ask the Fifth Grade to answer that Shakespearean query, to start at *A* and go straight through the roll to *Z* with a question for everyone in the class.

"What does your name mean? Where were your fathers and your forefathers born? Yes, and your mothers and foremothers too? What languages do the members of your family know? What songs and poems and little prayers can you say in another tongue? What alphabet other than the English can you write? What can we learn from one another? What can we bring to our America from the four corners of the earth? What knowledge, what beauty, what fun and laughter?

"Let us bring our gifts to her. Heap them high! Words from another land! Songs our forefathers knew! Poems and prayers! Festivals and lovely tales, tricks and toys and dancing steps, and good things to eat from every land in the world!"

Ricardo Velasquez sat at the front of the room right under the

American flag, and his fifth-grade face looked much like other fifth-grade faces, but his name—now there was romance!

"I am acquainted with an American Indian boy whose last name is the same as yours, Ricardo," began the teacher. "He lives in New Mexico. Of course, he has an Indian name as well as a Spanish name, and he can speak in the Indian tongue as well as in Spanish. However, he spoke to us in English."

"I can speak some Spanish," Ricardo ventured.

"Then please tell me the names of the days of the week, will you?" said the teacher. "I know that *domingo* is Sunday, but what are the other days called?"

Ricardo rattled off the other six and no one was any the wiser.

"Not so fast, please," the teacher begged.

At last it was all written on the board in big letters:

Spanish Lesson

Sunday		Wednesday	
Domingo	(doh-min′-goh)	*Miercoles*	(me-air′-co-lays)
Monday		Thursday	
Lunes	(loo′-nays)	*Jueves*	(who-ay′-vays)
Tuesday		Friday	
Martes	(marr′-tays)	*Viernes*	(vee-air′-nays)

Saturday

Sábado (sah′-bah-doh)

"We can thank Columbus for that," said the teacher with a long, admiring look at the "chalk talk." "And Ricardo," she added hastily. "What language do you suppose the great Admiral used when he wrote letters to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella? Spanish, of course. And the Spanish explorers who followed the trail of Columbus across the Sea of Darkness brought not only the Spanish flag, but the Spanish language as well, to the New World. They gave the language to the Indians."

"Did you really see the Indian boy?" some one asked.

"Yes, I did. I was in his house. He lives in a pueblo in New Mexico. Help yourself to a book of maps and find the Rio Grande country."

"Here it is! Here is New Mexico!" came the cry after a brief flutter of pages.

"And here is Old Mexico, too!"

"Yes, Mexico is one of our closest Good Neighbor countries. If you ever go there you will need some Spanish words for daily use. Can you help us to get ready for an imaginary journey that may turn into a real one some day, Ricardo?"

"I can tell you how to say yes and no," Ricard offered. "'*Sí*' is 'yes.' '*No*' is 'no.'"

"*Sí, sí, sí, no, sí, no,*" buzzed the class, trying out the new sounds.

Well, that was something. If only one could know when to use *sí* and when to use *no!* It would be well to be equipped with a slightly larger vocabulary, however, so at last with the aid of Ricardo and a book of Spanish lessons, these words were placed on the board:

Buenos dias, señor (boo-ay'-nohs dee'-ahs, say-nyor') Good day, sir

Buenas noches, señora (boo-ay'-nas noh'-chays, say-nyo'-rah) Good night, madam

Muchas gracias (moo'-chas grah'-thee-as) Many thanks

Viva (vee'-vah) Hurrah!

Tamales (tah-mah'-les) A Mexican food

Frijoles (free'-ho-les) Beans

Peso (pay'-so) Mexican dollar

Sarape (sah-rah'-pay) A blanket

Fiesta (fee-es'-tah) A celebration

Siesta (see-es'-tah) A nap

Mi amigo (mee' ah-mee'-go) My friend

Conquistador (kon-kees-tah-door′) ..... Conqueror
Españoles (ess-pah-nyoh′-lays) ..... Spanish

The great importance of the Spanish language in the New World became apparent as the children picked out on the map the homes of Spanish-speaking people:

Mexico	Cuba	Colombia
Panama	Santo Domingo	Venezuela
Honduras	Puerto Rico	Bolivia
Guatemala	Argentina	Ecuador
Nicaragua	Chile	Paraguay
Salvador	Peru	Uruguay
Costa Rica		

In Brazil Portuguese is the official language. Spanish is spoken frequently in the southern parts of California, Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico.

"Tell us more Spanish words," demanded the class.

Ricardo thought a while. "*Madre* is 'mother,' " he announced. "And *padre* is 'father.' That's easy to learn."

Alice waved her hand in an effort to halt Ricardo's next remark. "I think I know something in Spanish, Miss Vance—the *Niña,* the *Pinta,* and the *Santa María!* Is that Spanish?"

"*Sí, sí,* you are right, Alice. The ships of Columbus! The *Niña* means 'The Girl'; the *Pinta* means 'The Painted One.' And of course we all know that *Santa María* means 'St. Mary.' "

"The Spanish language made the journey very early from Europe to the New World. Once it got here it stayed. It stayed in Arizona and New Mexico, in Old Mexico and Central America, and all over South America it spread and grew like the grass of the plains and the trees and vines of the jungles. Spanish! Spanish! Spanish! Everywhere! You think, perhaps, that Ricardo is the only one in our class who knows any words in this language; but the truth is that you all know a bit of Spanish. For example, what do you call the table-topped mountains of our Southwest?

Mesas. And what is the word *mesa* [may′ sah] but the Spanish word for 'table'?

"Sometimes we use the word 'adieu' when we say 'good-bye.' *Adios* [ä de os′] is the Spanish word for 'good-bye.'

"We call one of our rivers the Rio Grande, using the Spanish word *rio* for 'river.' We talk about the great ranches of our West. The Spanish word for 'farm' is *rancho*."

"Do you know what?" observed Richard. "Ricardo's name is something like my name."

"It is the very same, the Spanish form of 'Richard'!"

"I guess Pedro is Spanish for 'Peter,' " someone ventured.

"And José is 'Joseph'!"

"Roberto is 'Robert'!"

"Margaríta is 'Margaret'!"

"María Rosa is 'Rose Marie'!"

"Felipé is 'Philip'!"

"Miss Vance, look!" exclaimed Edith. She held up a storybook which she had taken from the reading table. "Here is a little Mexican boy. He's cute. Look at the big hat he is wearing!"

"That's a sombrero," said Donald, proud of the Spanish word in his vocabulary. "At home we have a big hat like that. It came from Mexico."

"I have a pig bank at home, a clay pig with flowers painted on it. It came from Mexico, too," said Ann.

"I'll bring some of my Mexican pottery to school for you all to see," the teacher promised. "I have some plates and some yellow mugs."

Ricardo said, "We have a very big fan at home that came from Cuba—but first it came to Cuba from Spain. I will bring it to school."

"I certainly wish you would, Ricardo. It will be nice to see such a big fan, and one that comes from both Spain and Cuba. How will it be if we decorate the room with all the Spanish and Mex-

ican things you children bring to school? And how would you like it if we tried to make a *piñata* [pe-nyä′-tä]?"

"Is that a cake?" Marie wanted to know.

"Will we eat it? Will we have a party and eat the cake?" Buzzing talk swelled into a bigger and bigger noise in the room.

"It is not a cake," announced the teacher. "But I hope you will like it just as much." Curiosity took the place of certain fun and the teacher went on, "A *piñata* is a Christmas toy. We could try to make one and then lay it aside for our Christmas festival this year. But first, I should tell you how it is used.

Christmas in Mexico

"In Mexico they celebrate Christmas for nine days and they have a lovely time, I can tell you. Nine parties! Nine *posadas* [po sä′ däs]! Nine beautiful processions! Nine families to celebrate it all together! The reason for this is that it took nine days for Mary and Joseph to make their journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem. They make a little play out of the Christmas story in Mexico. Each of the nine families that celebrate together has an inn or *posada* in the house. The children and the grownups, carrying lighted candles, march in a bright procession around the patio. A small platform, on which stand the figures of Mary and Joseph, is carried at the head of the procession, and as the marchers move round and round the patio they sing. At a doorway they stop. It is the inn, the *posada.* Someone sings, 'In heaven's name I beg for shelter.'

"The cruel answer comes from within the *posada:* 'There is no room. You may be thieves. Begone!'

"The procession moves slowly on. Again and again Mary and Joseph are turned away. Again and again the candle-bright procession moves on until at last they come to a friendly door. Then the voice of Joseph sings a carol which tells of Mary, the Mother of Heaven, who is searching for an inn, for a *posada,* so that the baby Jesus may be born. Now the friendly door is opened and

the procession enters bearing the little platform with its figures of Mary and Joseph. These are placed upon an altar and the first part of the celebration is ended. The candles are put out and the party begins.

"Christmas time in Mexico! Music and dancing and fireworks!

Piñatas dangle in the booths.

Palm trees and bright red poinsettias! Candies and fruits and sugar cane! And then, best of all, the *piñatas!*

"When you walk through the streets of a Mexican city at Christmas time you see a curious sight. Dangling from the framework of the booths where things are sold are the *piñatas.* They are fancy paper figures decorated with tinsel—a lady, perhaps, or a man, a silver fish or a clown, a rooster, a big green frog or a white lamb. Hidden inside each *piñata* is an earthen jar or ball

filled with candies, fruits, nuts, rattles, whistles, balloons, and pieces of sugar cane.

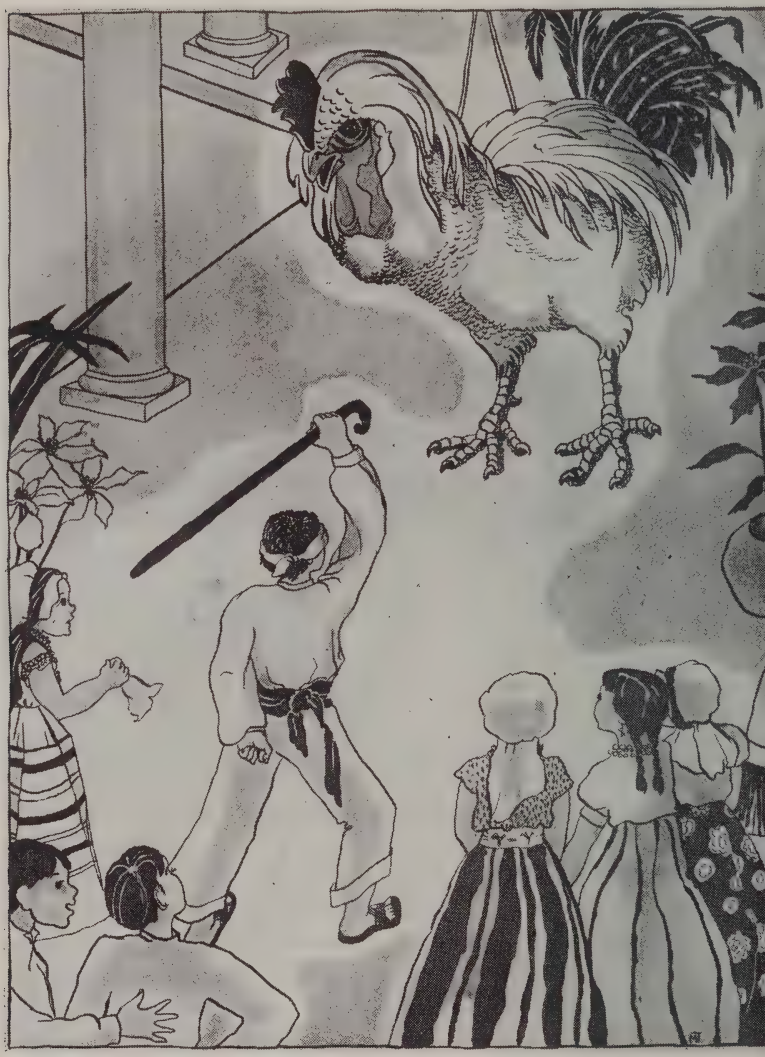
"The great fun of the Mexican Christmas party is the breaking of the *piñata* which is hung from the ceiling. One by one the children are blindfolded and one by one they try to strike the *piñata* with a strong stick. Three strikes at the swinging *piñata* for each blindfolded one! At last someone is sure to crack the hidden jar and then the contents come tumbling down to the floor while all the merry-makers scramble for the prizes.

"The last night of the *posadas* is called Noche Buena [no′ che bwe′ nä] which is our Christmas Eve. Even after nine *posadas* Christmas is not really over because when January 6 comes there is another celebration. This is Twelfth Night or the Day of the Three Kings. Children put their shoes out on the window sills or on the balconies the night before so that the Three Kings may fill them with presents. When the day comes there is another Christmas play. This time they dramatize the arrival of the three wise men or kings at the stable in Bethlehem. At night a cake called the 'king's roll' is eaten. It is baked in the shape of a crown."

"We could have a cake after all!" exclaimed Richard.

The teacher laughed. "I'm afraid it would get stale, Richard, if we made the cake so soon, but we could make a *piñata,* I should think, even though Christmas is still a long way off."

In the days that followed, the schoolroom took on a gay and colorful appearance. Donald brought the sombrero from his home. The "very big fan that came from Cuba and Spain" left Ricardo's house for a short stay in Grade Five. The teacher brought some brown plates and yellow mugs to school. A string of gaily painted gourds and seed pods made a splash of color on the wall. The clay pig grinned from a shelf above the teacher's desk and drawings of *piñatas* fluttered from the bulletin board. Notebooks and vocabularies took on a proud touch of Spanish, Aztec designs paraded above the blackboards, and a rooster *piñata* began to take form around a big flowerpot which someone had



Three strikes at the swinging piñata.

brought to school. Mexico would be well represented in the winter festival of nations at Strawberry Street School!

Ricardo Velasquez had truly started something in the Fifth Grade by merely being there with his Spanish name trailing all the color and romance of other lands, of another culture. The teacher studied the class rollbook — *Keller, Marino, Maxwell, Olsen, Pierchoski, Quigley, Rosenbaum, Samec, Soltysiak, Turnowchyk, Verdeur, Williams, Yazujian, York, Zurzola*—

" 'What's in a name?' We'll see!"

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Profusely illustrated paper-backed book giving authentic and interesting information about our neighbor republic. One of the "Good Neighbor Series" edited by Dr. John W. Studebaker.

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Factual material attractively presented. Valuable for children and adults.

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A pamphlet which contains data about Latin American republics that could be used in planning programs, decorations, or exhibits.

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A pamphlet which describes the games of the Caribbean Islands, Middle America, and South America.

MUSIC:

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This folk drama is still re-enacted in processions from home to home among Mexican agricultural workers.

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SERVICES TO SCHOOLS:

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Department of Education and Extension, on Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street, New York, offers a service to

schools throughout the country for a small registration fee and cost of transporting lantern slides, photographs, color prints, and paintings.

Write to these organizations for free materials:

Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

Committee on Co-operation in Latin America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

U. S. Office of Indian Affairs, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

For the children:

The Bombero: Tales from Latin America, by Harry Levy. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1943.

Four attractively illustrated stories for young children: "The Bombero [fireman] of Guayaquil," "The Little Silver Fish," "The Guanaco [humpless camel]," and "Alejandro and His Thirteen Dogs."

Perez and Martina, by Pura Belpré. Illustrated by Carlos Sanchez. Frederick Warne and Company, New York, 1932.

The Puerto Rican folk tale about the mouse and the cockroach (*la cucaracha*) written for young children.

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Attractively illustrated story for youngest readers.

Marcos, a Mountain Boy of Mexico, by Melicent Humason Lee. Pictures by Berta and Elmer Hader. Albert Whitman Company, Chicago, 1937.

The adventures of a little boy, told with charming simplicity and profusely illustrated.

Juarez, Hero of Mexico, by Nina Brown Baker. The Vanguard Press, New York, 1942.

Well-written biography of Mexico's great patriot. Suitable for upper elementary school or for adults.

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Informative travel book for young readers. Profusely illustrated with photographs.

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The South American scene in Bolivar's time presented with simplicity and illustrated by the author. For the teacher and for upper grade school children.

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2

FESTIVAL LIGHTS

Fun From Many Lands

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

The voice of the Fifth Grade rose in a fountain of song. "Land of the Pilgrims' pride!" O land of the wide world's pilgrims through all the centuries! Land of many peoples! Land of every tongue! "Of thee I sing!"

The Fifth Grade of Strawberry Street School moved on through the activities of the morning, singing, painting, exploring the world, multiplying eggs and dimes and cabbages, and writing its name on paper ruled with thin blue lines—*Adams, Agababian, DiCicco, Goldberg, Lisowski, Maxwell, Nilsson, Olsen, Quigley, Rosenbaum, Velasquez.* On a table there lay the assembled offerings to the Exhibition of Home Treasures—a colonial sampler, an Italian passport, coins of the Irish Republic, Russian dolls, heather from Scotland, a book of Hebrew lessons, an Armenian dictionary, a Polish peasant costume, an embroidered table scarf from Sweden. From many lands and from varying cultures this Fifth Grade had sprung and here they met, the children of a great democracy. One nation indivisible!

"Ever since we found out how many Spanish words Ricardo Velasquez could teach us, I have wondered whether we could learn anything just as interesting from someone else in the class," the teacher said, her mind already set upon several gold mines of

special knowledge hidden away under the level surface of "fifth-grade achievement."

"I remember a game we used to play when I was a child," she went on. "It was all about a farmer and his sheep and the sheep trader who came to buy. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that the words we said as we played the game were all German—Pennsylvania German, because it was at a little country school in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, that we played this game."

Suddenly the teacher laughed at an old memory. "We all loved the part where the farmer inquired about the sheep that had fallen into the well. *'Wie hat's gemacht?'* ('How did it sound?') he would ask. And then the trader would answer, *'Boom! Boom! Boom! Bis es drunne war.'* ('Boom! Boom! Boom! Till it was all the way down')."

"Say it again, Miss Vance, say it all," coaxed the Fifth Grade, and the teacher obliged by a full recital of the questions and answers in the old Pennsylvania German game.

At first it seemed as if that was the end of the matter. An I-remember story, entertaining, but unfruitful. The teacher had hoped the I-remember idea would be contagious. However, it was better not to force a thing like this, she knew with certainty. It might be all right to ladle out some kinds of geography and history with one of those measuring spoons standardized by courses of study and the mythical "average child." This was different. None of your neat devices—"Check the false statements, underscore the true," "Fill the blank spaces with the correct words"—would draw forth the heart knowledge here. Still, she thought she might try a bit of sounding. No telling where there might be a spring of special knowledge bubbling under the surface, waiting to gush forth to instruct and delight them all. Playing with this idea of gold mines and fresh springs, Miss Vance decided that mixed metaphors were irresistible.

"It's fun to tell about the games we know, and about old-time

customs, and the songs our parents and grandparents sing at home," she said invitingly.

"My grandfather sings a song about the coal mines," announced Donald. " 'Down in the coal mine, underneath the ground.' " Don's voice dropped into his shoes and then suddenly made a brave new start. " 'Digging dusky diamonds all the season round.' "

"That's a folk song of America!" the teacher exclaimed, so pleased that everyone looked with sudden new appreciation at Donald. "A real folk song from the Pennsylvania mining regions!" she added admiringly.

"Rafael knows a song in Italian, Miss Vance."

The contagion was spreading.

"Do you know where you go into the art museum, Miss Vance? There's writing on the wall there, and it's Greek and John can read it." This from Mousegh without the punctuation of a breath.

Crown of Lights

And now Greta Nilsson's hand was in the air making eager request for Greta. She had something to tell, too. "It's about Christmas," she burst out. "My mother says that when she was a girl in Sweden, she wore a crown with candles on it and the candles were lighted. She wore it on Little Christmas, early in the morning when it was dark and everyone else in the house was still asleep. And she sang a song!"

Unbelieving glances were turned upon Greta, who went on with her lovely fairy tale, defending her story with a well-aimed "She did so!" or "She *told* me she did, Miss Vance!" whenever murmurs of doubt arose.

"And she wore a white gown and carried food on a tray, didn't she?" prompted the teacher.

"Yes," beamed Greta. "She took coffee and breakfast cakes to all the family still asleep in their beds."

"And her lighted crown was called the Lucia Crown because she wore it on St. Lucy's Day," the teacher added.

"And do you know what, Miss Vance, my father is going to make a wire crown for my big sister this year. It's going to have Christmas tree branches all around it, and real candles on it.

A Crown of Lights for St. Lucy's Day.

Lighted ones! Sigrid is going to get up at four o'clock in the morning on Little Christmas."

"Little Christmas! When is Little Christmas?" Joe Lisowski wanted to know.

Greta wasn't quite certain about the date so Miss Vance explained. "It's on December 13, St. Lucy's Day, that the Christmas season really begins in Sweden. Lucia was a saint who long ago

went about carrying food and drink to the hungry. Now she appears like a white-robed Christmas spirit as she moves about the silent house wearing her beautiful lighted crown and bringing her offering of food and drink to the other members of the family. It is always a young girl of the household who represents the Lucia Bride.

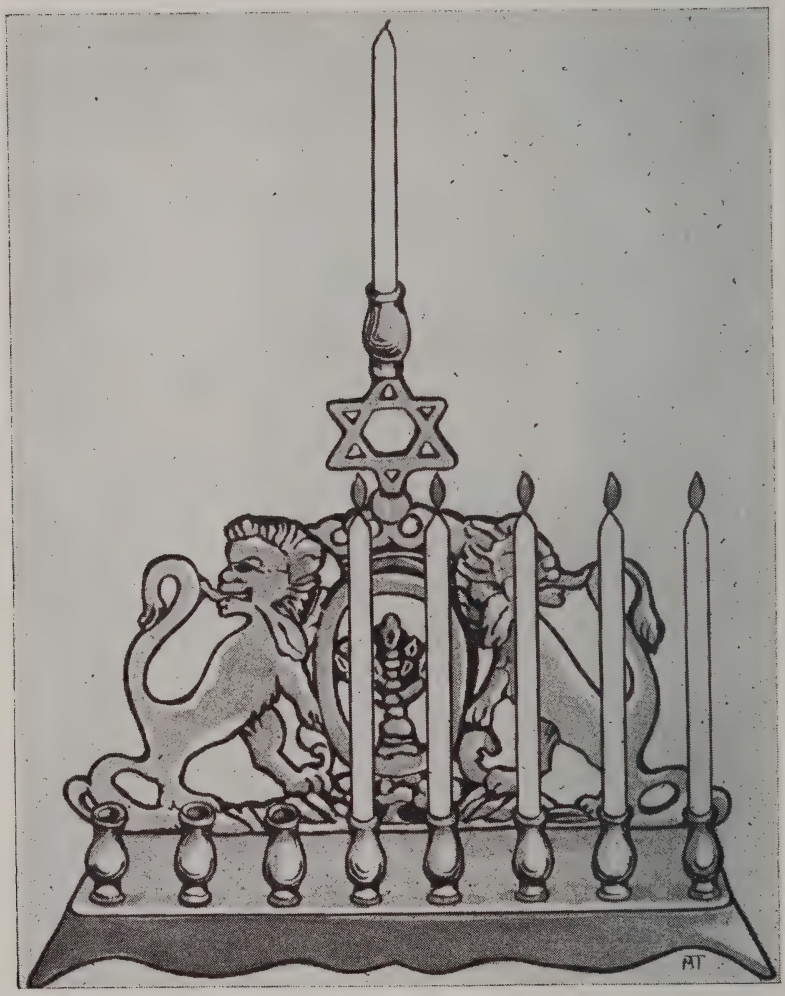
"St. Lucy's Eve is celebrated in Italy in another way. In one village they have a festival of lights. Bonfires are built in the street, and the image of the saint is carried in a torchlight procession. When the parade is over, all the torches are thrown on a huge pile of straw in the center of the village square, and then there is a bright blaze in honor of St. Lucy.

Chanukkoh

"It seems that all over the world as far back as we know about anything, people have had festivals of light in December—candlelight, and torchlight, and firelight. Maybe it was because the long winter nights made the world seem cold and dark and lonely. However it all came about, we know that lights are an important part of many December celebrations. Candlelight processions for the Mexican *posadas,* the Crown of Lights for St. Lucia in Sweden, Christmas tree candles all over the world!

"There is another great Festival of Lights which comes in December. It is called Chanukkoh (Hän′ uk ah). The celebration lasts for eight days, so eight candles are lighted in the menorah, or lamp. You must not think that all eight of the candles burn every night because that is not the way it is done. On the first night at sundown one candle is lighted, in addition to the torch or lighter candle at the top. On the next night another candle is lighted, and so they are increased until on the eighth night all eight are burning, each started from the flame of the torch candle.

"The best Chanukkoh night is the one on which the fifth candle is lit, because this is the evening when families gather together



Children love the night when the fifth candle is lighted.

and the children are given Chanukkoh money *(Chanukkoh geld)*. Special food is served and there is much merrymaking. The children are especially fond of spinning tops called *dreidel* tops. These tops have four wings, each of which bears a letter of the Hebrew alphabet:

nun — N
gimel — G
he — H
shin — SH

"It is said that they are the first letters of the sentence—'A great miracle has happened' *(Nes Godal Hoyoh Shom)*.

"The Festival of Lights called Chanukkoh celebrates the rededication of the Temple of Jerusalem, after the armies of Judas Maccabee had routed the army of the Syrians. At that time, it is said, only enough sacred oil was found for one day's burning of the Temple light, but a great miracle happened and the oil lasted for eight days. So we have the eight-day festival of lights even yet, beginning with the twenty-fifth day of the month of *Kislev*. That is one of the months of the Hebrew calendar."

"Gerald can write the Hebrew alphabet," Richard informed the class. "He has a book with Hebrew in it. He read it to me."

"He's taking lessons in Hebrew," another spoke up.

"There is Gerald's book," said a third, pointing to the Exhibition of Treasures on the corner table.

"Just what I was wishing for," said the teacher. "Some one to explain the Hebrew alphabet."

Gerald protested that he could not write it all perfectly. He was just beginning to learn it. The rabbi was teaching him. Yes, he would try to put it on the board. Could Nate help him? Nate was studying with the rabbi, too.

"Chalk! Where's the chalk?"

"Here's an eraser, take it, Gerald."

"Want this piece of chalk, Nate?" The class was a noisy medley of helpful suggestions and lively interest.

And so it came about that the Fifth Graders, aided by the budding knowledge of two of their own classmates, became aware of an ancient language.

The Hebrew names of the months according to the calendar of the Jews were then placed on the board:

Tishri ..... October
(approximate beginning of the Jewish year)
Heshvan ..... November
Kislev ..... December
Tebet ..... January
Shebat ..... February
Adar ..... March
Nisan ..... April
Iyar ..... May
Sivan ..... June
Tammuz ..... July
Ab ..... August
Elul ..... September

"I can tell when Chanukkoh comes!" Marie exclaimed. "It comes in Kislev. I can tell because you said it comes in December like Christmas does."

"I like Chanukkoh because it lasts for eight days," Donald decided for himself.

"Do you know what that reminds me of, Miss Vance?" Ann confided. "It reminds me of what you told us about Christmas in Mexico, and about the nine posadas for nine nights."

"Yes, even if there are eight candles lighted in the menorah for eight days, there are really nine in all, if you count the lighter candle at the top," Ricardo chimed in.

"That's right, and Christmas and Chanukkoh are both festivals

of goodwill and gift-giving and rededication, not only of the temple but of our lives," the teacher added.

"Don't forget Little Christmas and Big Christmas in Sweden," Joseph said. "That's like having two Christmases. I like the way they begin early in Sweden."

"Well, we are getting an early start for our December festival here at Strawberry Street School," Miss Vance reminded the Fifth Grade. "Last month we made the Mexican *piñata,* and now we have some new ideas, haven't we?"

"A St. Lucia Crown of candles!" exclaimed Edith. "Some one could wear the St. Lucia Crown!"

"I can bring Christmas tree branches to school, and do you know what, Miss Vance? We could have eight candles burning for Chanukkoh. We could start with one candle and keep on lighting them for eight days. Could we have a real menorah lamp and real candles? Lighted ones?"

"Well—" Miss Vance hesitated, thinking of fire hazards. "Well, we'll see about that. We can always use electric candles, you know."

"Then let's have the St. Lucia Crown and the menorah candles for Chanukkoh!"

"How did this all begin?" laughed the teacher as she surveyed the Fifth Grade bubbling with excitement. "Oh yes, it all began with that old Pennsylvania German game I told you about—*Boom! Boom! Boom! Bis es drunne war!"*

"And with 'Digging dusky diamonds underneath the ground.' Don't forget the coal mines Donald was singing about."

"And I won't forget the gold mines of special knowledge hidden away under the surface of 'fifth-grade achievement,' " the teacher promised herself.

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3

LIGHTS OF YULE

A School Festival for December

Strawberry Street School was ready for its Yuletide festival. Evergreens decked the assembly room and the woodsy smell of pine came from little incense jars that stood on the window sills sending their twirls of fragrant smoke out into the air around them. On the platform stood a tree garlanded with lights but not yet lighted. There was a fireplace on the platform, too, a home-made fireplace built of boxes and covered with paper painted to resemble stones.

The children of the Chorus Group were seated in front of the stage near the piano; the Choral Speakers occupied chairs on the main floor at stage left. All the other children were in their classrooms dancing with joy, spilling pins, asking questions, feeling wonderful because the great hour had come at last and the December festival was about to begin.

The Fifth Grade was ready. Greta wore on her head a beautiful wreath of lights, the Lucia Crown. Nate stood holding a Chanukkoh lamp with its eight candles in a row and the lighter candle at the top. The rest of the children were gay with sombreros, mantillas, serapes, and bright cotton dresses. The serapes had been made out of pieces of old sheeting painted in stripes with poster paint and the mantillas, beautiful lace headdresses for the ladies, had been cut from folded paper. The girls and boys carried candles and on a little platform they had placed small figures of Mary and Joseph. All was ready for the Mexican *posada* procession.

The Sixth Grade had a surprise for the entire school. No one

else knew how they were to be represented in the festival, but it was whispered about that they had a horse in their room.

The Third Graders crowded around a tiny tree fastened to a tall pole. They would carry the birds' Christmas tree down the aisle.

Masks and tall paper hats covered the heads of the Fourth Graders and in their hands were strings of bells. Santa Claus's helpers from Switzerland they were and there was Santa with them, a cloak over his shoulders and a bag slung across his back.

But, come, don't look into all the rooms, let's go back to the assembly hall where by this time there is a waiting hush in the air. Presently we hear music. The Yuletide festival has begun! This is what happens.

The Lights of Yule

We hear the music of "Deck the Hall" played by trumpeters. At the right of the platform the Narrator walks to a reading desk and says to the audience:

> Now late December comes with starry skies
> And crowns the fading year with Feasts of Light.
> Come once again the story and the song;
> To young and old return the wonder and the dream.
> Behold, we bring you Yuletide joys
> From every age and all the great round world;
> We bring you happy festivals of light
> To crown December when the year is old.

Frieze for Christmas.

When the Narrator stops speaking, we hear a burst of song from the Chorus Group. As they sing "Deck the Hall," five children skip out on the stage and hang wreaths and light the tree, then circle first to left and then to right in dancing steps to the singing of the chorus. At the conclusion of the old Welsh carol, they skip to places chosen for them on the stage, thus making an attractive stage picture.

The music changes to a Mexican carol, "The Pilgrims,"[1] played softly while a page boy places a placard bearing the words—POSADA PROCESSION—MEXICO—on an easel at left of stage, and the Narrator speaks again:

> In Mexico, fair land of palm and pine,
> Nine festive nights their tale of Christmas tell;
> Nine candle-lit processions mark the time
> When Holy Pilgrims going to Bethlehem
> Sought shelter at a wayside inn.
> Round and round the flowery patio
> The bright *posada* celebration moves
> Until a door is opened at an inn
> And Mary finds a place of blessed rest.

The *Posada* Procession moves down the aisle bearing a little platform on which stand small figures of Mary and Joseph. Boys and girls wearing serapes and mantillas and carrying candles march in the procession and mount to the stage singing the Mexican carol as they go. The little platform is placed on the table at the left of the stage, the candle bearers grouped about it.

When the Mexican carol is ended the music changes to Praetorius' "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," played softly on the piano as the page boy places a second placard on the easel —THE STEANA—RUMANIA—and the Narrator speaks from the reading desk:

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[1] "The Pilgrims" appears in the Botsford collection *Folk Songs of Many Peoples.*

Across the whole far-reaching world
December lights the candles and the stars,
And happy children go from door to door
To sing the songs of Yuletide come again.

The Chorus Group sings, "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming" and the *Steana*,[2] or Rumanian star, is borne down the center aisle by a group of children. The bearer of the star mounts to the platform and stands beside the Christmas tree while the others take the places reserved for them in the audience.

After the carol, the page places a third placard over the others on the easel. It says CHANUKKOH LIGHTS—PALESTINE. The Choral Speakers join the Narrator at the reader's desk. Together they say:

Now in Jerusalem the ancient, a sacred lamp was lighted in the Temple, for the holy place that had fallen into desolation was delivered from its enemies. And the day was the twenty-fifth day of the month of Kislev. And the nights when the holy flame burned were eight in number.

And it came to pass that through all the years thereafter the menorah lamp was lighted in the month of Kislev, at sundown in the month of Kislev when the day was the twenty-fifth day.

So began the Festival of Lights, the feast of joy, Chanukkoh! December's eight-day festival of candlelight, Chanukkoh!

Down the aisle comes a boy carrying the Chanukkoh lamp with its nine candles. The chorus sings "Rock of Ages"[3] and the boy mounts to the platform and places the lamp on the mantel over the fireplace.

The Choral Speakers say:

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast kept us in life, and hast preserved us, and enabled us to reach this season.[4]

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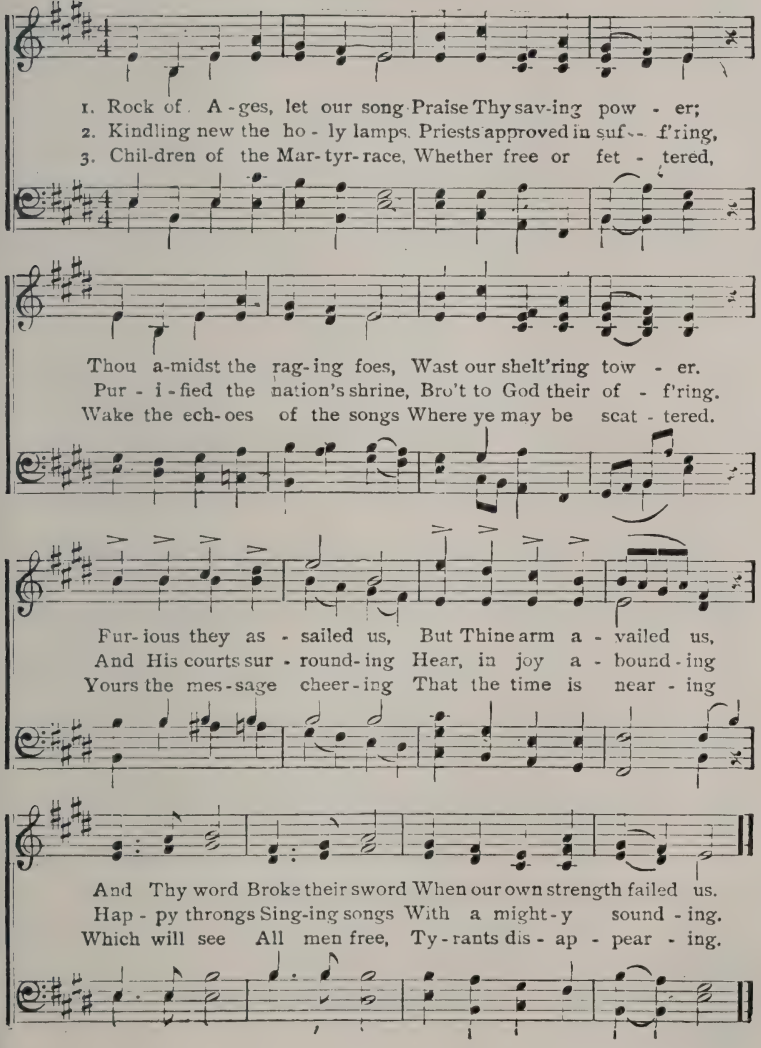
[2] A description of the *Steana* is to be found in *1001 Christmas Facts and Fancies,* by Alfred Carl Hottes, A. T. De La Mare Co., Inc., New York.

[3] Traditional sacred song for Chanukkoh.

[4] Prayer for Chanukkoh.

Rock of Ages

CHANUKKOH


1. Rock of A-ges, let our song Praise Thy sav-ing pow - er;
2. Kindling new the ho - ly lamps, Priests approved in suf - f'ring,
3. Chil-dren of the Mar-tyr-race, Whether free or fet - tered,
Thou a-midst the rag-ing foes, Wast our shelt'ring tow - er.
Pur - i-fied the nation's shrine, Bro't to God their of - f'ring.
Wake the ech-oes of the songs Where ye may be scat - tered.
Fur-ious they as - sailed us, But Thine arm a - vailed us,
And His courts sur - round-ing Hear, in joy a - bound-ing
Yours the mes-sage cheer-ing That the time is near - ing
And Thy word Broke their sword When our own strength failed us.
Hap - py throngs Sing-ing songs With a might-y sound - ing.
Which will see All men free, Ty-rants dis - ap - pear - ing.

The Choral Speakers withdraw and soft playing of a Swedish Christmas carol—*"Nu ar det Jul igen,"* or "To Bethlehem"—forms a background to the Narrator's next recitation. The page places a new placard on the easel—THE CROWN OF LIGHT —SWEDEN. The Narrator says:

See now the Lucia Bride,
Behold a maiden kind and fair;
She wears a lovely Crown of Light,
Bright candles deck her hair.

In the white December
In Sweden people say
A maiden rises 'ere the dawn
Upon St. Lucia's Day.

Food and drink she offers,
And like a vision bright
Through the silent house she moves
Crowned in candlelight.

Lucy walks down the aisle wearing her Crown of Light as the chorus sings the Swedish carol. She mounts to the platform and stands beside the fireplace.

Now the theme changes from the religious aspects of the festival to one of merrymaking. The Choral Speakers again move to the stage and say:

Now is come our joyfulest feast
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves be drest
And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas logs are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke
And all their spits are turning.

Now is come our joyfulest feast,
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves be drest
And every post with holly.

—Old English Song

The chorus repeats "Deck the Hall," and a procession moves down the aisle. We see a group of boys and girls bearing a Yule log, axes (simulated), and holly branches. Then St. George of Merrie England appears riding his "horse," a masked creature made by two boys. The group mounts to the stage, where the log is placed on the fire, and the holly branches are laid upon the mantel. St. George dismounts and with comic antics leads his horse across the stage and off into the wings. He returns and remains with the group on the stage.

The music changes to "Bluff King Hal," an old English folk dance, and a circle is formed. Three couples skip through a simplified form of the dance as the others watch.

DANCE

Circle left, circle right, repeat.
Move in to center and back, repeat.
Link right arms with partner and describe a small circle.
Link left arms with partner and describe a small circle.
Repeat.
Circle right, circle left, repeat.

While the dancers are skipping back to their places, the page is placing a new placard on the easel. It says—THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE — NORWAY. Suddenly, as the dance music ceases, there is a chorus of bird songs produced by water whistles blown into by children on the stage, and down the center aisle several little children carry a tiny tree fastened to a pole. "Christmas Comes Again" is played on the piano as the tree is carried to the stage. The bearers take their stand beside the easel.

The Narrator speaks again as another placard is placed on the easel—THE JULE-NISSE—DENMARK.

The *Jule-nisse,*
Christmas elf,
Little old man
Lives by himself
At the top of the house,

In the attic dark,
And he guards the households
Of old Denmark.

The family cat
And the cows, 'tis said,
Know the little old man
In his night-cap red.
Milk and rice
For the Christmas elf,
Who lives in the attic
All by himself!

The music of "A Fairy Tale" by Komzac is played as the elves of the First Grade caper down the aisle and find places in the audience. Their leader mounts to the stage. The children there try to coax him to them with smiles and friendly gestures, but he cavorts about and finally settles himself cross-legged on a stool beside the fire. Soft playing of "A Fairy Tale" accompanies this pantomime.

The Second Graders are already moving down the aisle as the page sets up a placard labeled SANTA CLAUS AND HIS HELPERS—SWITZERLAND. The chorus sings "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" as these curiously masked merrymakers join the group on the stage.

There is a quick transition to the music of the old Mexican carol. Preparations are speedily made for a game on the stage. The groups move back until the center space is clear. A few of the Fifth Graders wearing serapes and mantillas step forward; a rooster *piñata,* suspended from a wire above their heads, is moved to the center of the stage. The page boy sets up another placard—BREAKING THE PIÑATA—MEXICO.

As the chorus sings the Mexican carol, the Fifth Graders play the old Christmas game of blind man's buff until the *piñata* is broken, and the goodies are scattered on the floor for all to seize.

When the game ends, the Narrator repeats the lines spoken at the beginning of the program—"Now late December comes."

The Yule festival closes with the singing of "Good Night, Our Songs Are Sung."

MUSIC USED IN "THE LIGHTS OF YULE"

"Deck the Hall"—Old Welsh Carol.
"The Pilgrims"—Mexican Folk Carol.
"Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming"—Praetorius.
"Rock of Ages"—Traditional Hebrew Song.
"Nu ar det Jul igen"—Swedish Carol.
"To Bethlehem"—Swedish Folk Song.
"Bluff King Hal"—Old English Dance.
"Christmas Comes Again"—Hopkins.
"A Fairy Tale"—Komzac.
"Santa Claus Is Coming to Town"—Coots.
"Good Night, Our Songs Are Sung"—Foster.

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4

THE OTHER GEORGE WASHINGTON

The Work of a Scientist

A tempting smell of candy in-the-making floated through the halls of Strawberry Street School and beckoned one straight to the doorway of the Fifth Grade. There the cause of the extraordinary aroma bubbled in a pan on an electric grill and the girls and boys, excited as only candymakers can be, rushed about on important errands or pressed into the bulging circle around the grill.

Pans of candy were already cooling on the deep window sills, a hand-fashioned tile under each hot plate, and a second batch of the delectable mixture held the attention of the children. There would be enough to go twice through the class roll book —*Adams, Agababian, DiCicco, Goldberg, Howard*, and straight to *Zurzola*. Sugar, milk, and peanut butter stood in bottles, jars, and bags on the cooking table.

"How much milk? I forget," worried Marie, beginning to prepare still another batch of ingredients.

"Look at the recipe," the teacher reminded her.

There it stood on the board.

No. 70: Peanut Butter Candy

2 cups sugar
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons peanut butter

Blend together; boil for five minutes; remove from the fire and beat steadily until cool.

Warning!

Don't let the fire get too hot. Sugar burns easily.

"Will you look at this!" exclaimed Joe Lisowski, "Peanut soup!" He was leafing through a pamphlet titled *Bulletin No. 31: How to Grow the Peanut and 105 Ways of Preparing It for Human Consumption, by Dr. George W. Carver, M.S., Agr. Experiment Station, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.* "And peanut doughnuts, whee-ew! When are we going to make peanut doughnuts, Miss Vance?"

"There's peanut omelet," Richard Bennet pointed out, "and peanut sausages! Can you beat that?"

"I heard of a whole peanut dinner that was served one time," said the teacher. "From soup to nuts—peanut soup, then mock fried chicken, and a peanut salad, bread, candy, cookies, ice cream, and coffee—all from peanuts."

The second cooking of candy was ready to be eaten. Miss Vance removed it from the grill and turned it over to Ricardo Velasquez and Rafael Zurzola, who would take turns whipping it up with big spoons until it was ready to be poured into the waiting pans. Quickly the third batch, thoroughly blended, was moved to the grill by a trio of girls. Nate and Mousegh stood ready to scour the cooking pots.

"This doesn't seem like school, does it, Miss Vance?" chirped Edith.

"Oh, doesn't it?" The teacher looked surprised.

"Well, you know, I mean," Edith amended, "I mean we're not learning anything."

"Aren't we?"

"Not lessons, I mean."

"I wonder," mused Miss Vance.

"Not reading and spelling and arithmetic anyhow," reasoned Edith.

"Really? Aren't you?" The teacher still did not agree, it seemed.

"How did you find out about making the candy without reading, Edith?" one of the girls said.

"And Agnes wrote the recipe on the board," spoke up Ann.

"And we had to multiply the whole thing to find out how much sugar and milk and peanut butter we would have to bring, and the recipe had fractions and things in it—that's arithmetic," declared Dickie Maxwell.

"And didn't we write a letter to Tuskegee Institute to ask for the book of recipes? That's English," said Greta with conviction.

Joe's face took on an impish expression. "And I know something else. I know what our next spelling lesson is gonna be—*peanut, tablespoon, minutes, candy, candies, electricity, delicious.*"

"And *is going to be,*" added Miss Vance with a smile. "Well, Joe, don't you think that's really a good plan for a spelling lesson?"

Joe nodded reluctantly.

"Anyway, it doesn't seem like school," insisted Edith.

"Perhaps cooking the peanut dinner doesn't seem like school either, but it is," Miss Vance said. "It's important to know what foods are nourishing, and how to cook them. And when it comes to peanuts—oh, just a minute—" The teacher interrupted herself and turned swiftly to the candy bubbling on the grill. "This will be ready for beating soon, girls, and then while we wait for the whole batch to cool let's arrange the chairs in a circle and take a rest."

"And talk!" voted Donald.

"And talk," agreed the teacher.

"You said '*And when it comes to peanuts,*' Miss Vance. What about the peanuts?" Agnes could not abide unfinished stories.

"Oh yes, when it comes to peanuts, there is a wonderful story of food hidden in them. All the world needs food and the peanut is chuck-full of proteins—that's a muscle-building food—and

vitamins—they are for energy. The amazing part of the story is that people once thought the peanut wasn't worth growing, except perhaps in little garden patches so the children could have a few for candy. Now the peanut is one of the leading crops in the whole United States. That's where the other George Washington comes into the story."

By this time all the candy, beaten to a thick creamy state, had been poured into pans where it stood cooling and hardening. The Fifth Grade made a "conversation circle" of the chairs and sat down to relax and talk, happy in the thought that soon the peanut butter candy would be ready to eat.

Peanut Plenty

"Did George Washington discover the peanut?" Billy Douglas wanted to know.

"I said the *other* George Washington—Dr. George Washington Carver. I can't say he discovered them because they were known a thousand years ago. What Dr. Carver did was to find many uses for the peanut. Look at this recipe book." The teacher held up the *Carver Bulletin No. 31*. "The boys were laughing at the idea of peanut soup, but what does it say on the cover of the pamphlet? *One Hundred and Five Ways to Prepare the Peanut for Food*. Think of it. One hundred and five different recipes! Soups, and breads, and cookies, and candies, and substitutes for meat! I suppose you are all hearing about vitamins at home. Mother tries to buy foods that will supply the family with the needed vitamins."

"We take vitamin pills at our house," announced Donald.

"Lots of people do," the teacher went on. "And one of the most important vitamins is B_1. The peanut supplies plenty of vitamin B_1. Isn't that lucky? And wasn't it silly the way people once thought the peanut wasn't worth planting? Now, if you please, more than five million acres of peanuts grow each year

in the United Sates alone. We can thank Dr. Carver for proving to us that peanuts are real food."

"How did he prove it?"

"He was a scientist, a plant scientist. He worked in his laboratory 'taking the peanut apart,' as he said, and finding out about the water, the fats, the oils, the sugars, starches, and acids that are all inside the little ground nut. He found out that it was a very good food for man.

"That's only half the story. He also discovered all kinds of things that could be made from the peanut other than food. I'll just mention a few of them—*ink, paper, shampoo, linoleum, plastics, synthetic rubber, wood stains.* No wonder they gave George Washington Carver medals and made him a member of the most learned societies in the world. He could have become a very rich man, too, but he cared nothing for money riches. What he liked most was discovering things, especially things that would help people. He said that God had put every kind of plant on the earth that we need and he wanted to help people to find out how to use the gifts of God.

A Great Life

"But if Dr. Carver did not care for riches, there was one reward for his work that he did want. He wanted the Negro race to get credit for his discoveries. 'I want my race to have the credit of whatever I may do,' he said."

"Was Dr. Carver a Negro?" Joe Lisowski asked.

"Yes, he was," spoke up Mousegh Agababian. "He was a colored man. He had 'Doctor' in front of his name because he was a scientist."

"And one of our greatest Americans," added the teacher. She held up a book and read out the title—*George Washington Carver —An American Biography,* by Rackham Holt. "I suppose I should say that this is a book for grownups and high school

students to read, but I'm going to say that you Fifth Graders will like it, too. I think it is a wonderful story of a great life. You will like George Washington Carver from the time he was a small boy straight through his good and great life.

"All the chapters of the book are named after the spirituals, those songs the Negroes sang in the deep South long ago. One chapter is called 'Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child.' Young George lost both father and mother when he was a baby. You will be glad to find out that he had kind foster parents, though. 'Let My People Go' is the title of another chapter. That one tells about Booker T. Washington and the school he built at Tuskegee, Alabama, a school to which Dr. Carver came as a young man to teach the students about farm plants.

"Do you remember what we found out about Agnes, when we wrote a letter to Tuskegee Institute?" The teacher paused and smiled at the one little Negro girl in the room. "Agnes Howard's father studied at Tuskegee," she reminded the class.

"Well, Dr. Carver stayed at Tuskegee all the rest of his life. In his laboratory he talked to God. He asked Him questions and the answers came—discoveries about the peanut, the pecan, and the sweet potato—ideas about food to help the world. That chapter of the book is called 'I Heard from Heaven Today.' Don't you like the author's idea of using the spirituals for chapter names?

"Last of all we read 'Coming for to Carry Me Home,' a page of farewell to George Washington Carver who died January 5, 1943, leaving behind him a lifetime of good work for all the people of the world."

Lessons Can Be Fun

"I can bring a picture of Dr. Carver to school, Miss Vance. We have one at home in a magazine," Rafael promised eagerly as the teacher paused in her story.

"I guess Dr. Carver would be glad we made peanut candy because peanuts are good for us," was Joe's happy idea.

"Let's try the candy," said the teacher. "It must be ready to eat."

"Oh, let me, let me, Miss Vance, let me pass it!" came a chorus of voices.

"We made the first batch. Let's pass ours first. Please!" This from Greta and Ann.

"Well, we helped to make it, we ought to pass it, too!"

The teacher took command. Adopting simple cafeteria methods she soon had the pans of candy making their way through the alphabet — *Adams, Velasquez, DiCicco, Howard, Agababian, O'Brien.*

Vocabularies were inadequate to express the satisfaction of the children in the peanut butter confection, so a splutter of "ummms!" accompanied the eating of the candy.

"It doesn't seem like lessons to me," insisted Edith, light-headed with peanut butter and school fun. "It's a party!"

"It's lessons, too," retorted Mousegh, rolling a melting sweet block of the candy on his tongue. "It's health lessons because we learned about B_1 vitamins in peanuts."

"And about great people like Dr. Carver. Do you call that biography or history, Miss Vance?" Marie asked.

"It's both, isn't it?" The teacher was trying to cut the remaining candy to fit the class. "Anyway, this is arithmetic," she laughed. "How many times will the Fifth Grade go into six pans of peanut butter candy?"

"I wish it was multiplying instead of going into," declared Dickie Maxwell. "Then we'd have thirty times six pans. Oh boy! One hundred and eighty pans of candy just by multiplying."

"But it's dividing," Ann reminded him. "Six pans divided by twenty-nine children and one teacher."

"I can see a lot of geography in these pans of peanut candy," the teacher observed. "Can you?"

"Find out where the peanuts grow," someone suggested.

"Find out where Dr. Carver had his laboratory," said another.

"That's the same as saying locate Tuskegee Institute," cried a third.

"Let's look it up now. On this recipe book it says Tuskegee, Alabama."

Atlases and encyclopedias were brought into the conversation circle along with the final servings of candy. Presently someone discovered that Tuskegee Institute had been founded near the town of Tuskegee, Alabama, in 1881 as a normal school for the training of Negro teachers. "That's where the peanut dinner that I spoke of was cooked and served," said the teacher.

"It's nice that we are studying about this in January," Marie remarked. "It's the month when Dr. Carver died."

The teacher went to the board, chalk in hand, "Remember what Dr. Carver said," she reminded the children. " 'I want my race to have the credit of whatever I may do.' " She looked at Agnes Howard, neat and pretty in her freshly starched pinafore dress, and then at Richard Bennet and Billy Douglas, a healthy pair of brown-skinned young Americans. "In our Fifth Grade and in our town we have members of Dr. Carver's race," she said. "How would you like to make a Negro History and Biography Book as a memorial to Dr. Carver? There are many famous Negro people in our country, and many who are not famous, but who are just plain, everyday, good citizens like the rest of us. They all bring credit to their race and to their country—America. I'm going to teach you a new stanza that has been written for 'America.' "

On the board she wrote:

May all men brothers be,
Father of every race,
Giver of every grace,
Hear us we pray!
Let every land be free;
May all men brothers be,
All nations honor thee
Now and for aye.[1]

[1] New stanza of "America" written by Dr. Herman H. Horne.

"Shall we try it? Let's stand."

Syllable by syllable, note by note, up and down the scale, the new words marched to the familiar music of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and the Fifth Grade expanded happily in song.

"I can bring some pictures to school for the Negro History and Biography Book, Miss Vance," Edith burst out as soon as the singing was ended.

An epidemic of ideas for the proposed scrapbook spread throughout the class.

"Miss Vance, lookit!" Joe, who had been studying Dr. Carver's *Bulletin No. 31,* had made a discovery. "It says we can plant peanuts in March. I can get a bag of peanuts to plant."

"Not roasted ones, I hope," objected the teacher. "Roasted peanuts would never sprout." She studied the Carver *Bulletin.* "Yes, we'll plant them in a window box in March."

Joe Lisowski grinned. "Now it's nature study," he teased.

"I believe it's education," thought the teacher as she prepared to heat water for dishwashing.

SOME FACTS ABOUT NEGROES

Did you know that:

The Africans were the first to smelt iron and use the forge, that the discovery of iron is the outstanding contribution of the Negro?

Archaeologists have made discoveries in Rhodesia which offer evidence that the stimulus to Greek art came from Africa?

Negroes accompanying the Spaniards and the French assisted in the exploration of this country?

The first successful operation on the heart was performed by a Negro surgeon, Dr. Daniel Hale Williams?

In 1883 Jan Matzeliger invented a shoe-lasting machine?

During the American Revolution numbers of Negroes served as minutemen and later as regulars in the ranks, side by side with white men?

Crispus Attucks was one of the first four men to shed blood in behalf of American liberty?

Matthew Henson was with Admiral Peary at the North Pole?

Scores of Negro soldiers of World War I returned as heroes decorated by France for their bravery in action?

Many Negroes who held office during the Reconstruction Period were liberally educated? Richard T. Greener, an office holder in South Carolina, was the first Negro to graduate from Harvard College? F. L. Cardozo, another officer of the same state, was educated at the University of Glasgow? E. D. Bassett, Minister to Haiti, studied at Yale? B. K. Bruce, U. S. Senator from Mississippi, had considerable practical education?[2]

For conduct "above and beyond the call of duty" Dorie Miller, Negro mess attendant on the U.S.S. *Arizona* at Pearl Harbor, won the Navy Cross?

The blood plasma bank used by the Red Cross was developed by Dr. Charles R. Drew, Negro professor at Howard University, working with Dr. John Scudder of Presbyterian-Columbia Medical Center?

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5

FEBRUARY CALENDAR

Great Birthdays—Negro History Week

In they came, stamping the February snow from their boots—*Nilsson, Velasquez, Howard, Agababian, Zurzola, O'Brien.* The Fifth Grade certainly made a noise of their joy in the weather. They made puddles of melted snow, too, wherever they walked, and their mittens and scarfs, and boots and galoshes, and coats and sweaters, and caps and hoods subtracted a full share of time from the day's program. Inside it was February, too, anyone could tell that. There on the bulletin board was the Father of His Country, and there, too, was the Great Emancipator. Washington and Lincoln! and red numbers on the calendar, and holidays ahead when, with luck, the Fifth Grade might take to its skates and sleds for all that a day could hold of light and fun!

In how many American schoolrooms could the picture be duplicated? Hatchets and cherry trees and log cabins for the youngest set, choice extracts from noble speeches of our immortals for the more learned. And that was well and good, thought Miss Vance, as she glanced at the planbook lying before her. A skeleton outline of a program sprawled across the page. Yes, the February tradition was all right as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough, not as far as Mexico, for example, not as far as South America, or the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Not as far as the Nineteenth Amendment.

"Paper monitors, please!" The teacher divided a package of unruled scratch paper between Billy Douglas and Mousegh Agababian. "Rulers, too, Ann, and crayons, Greta, please. I'd like to

see you make a calendar for February. Use a red crayon for every date you can think of that has become famous. Let's see what we have at the end of ten minutes."

"Is it all right to put your brother's birthday down, Miss Vance?" Jeanie Burns wanted to know. "My brother will have a birthday this year and it's his third birthday but he's going to be twelve years old this time and—"

"Going to be twelve years old on his third birthday!" snorted Joe Lisowski. "If it's his third birthday he'll be three years old."

"Just the same he's going to be twelve years old, and I guess I ought to know how old my own brother is going to be. He's going to have a party because he only gets a birthday every four years on account of being born on February 29 and that's leap year." This torrent of words completely drowned Joe's objections.

"No wonder you want to put your brother's birthday date on the calendar in red," the teacher agreed. "Yes, do it, by all means."

Still glowing from snow fun and frosty air the Fifth Grade set to work. In less time than the allotted ten minutes the calendars blazed with red twelve's and twenty-two's, and several children had given a red fourteen to St. Valentine. Jeanie had honored her brother's leap year birthday, of course. The first day was passed by as of no importance.

"You forgot to make February first a red-number day," the teacher said in pretended surprise.

"What holiday is that?" asked Donald eagerly. You could not have too many holidays, Donald believed.

"It is not an official one yet," Miss Vance answered, "although twenty-seven Governors of the states have accepted the plan to make it a holiday."

"But what's it about?" persisted Donald.

"It's about ourselves and it's about our Constitution," began the teacher by way of explanation.

Amendment Thirteen

"The Constitution of the United States is a mighty set of laws for the governing of our country. Additions and corrections must be made to it at times and such improvements are called amendments. In 1865 Amendment Thirteen was written into the Constitution. February first is the anniversary of this wonderful event."

Miss Vance opened a book, turned to a certain page, and began to read aloud.

AMENDMENT XIII: ABOLITION OF SLAVERY
(Adopted 1865)

> Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction. . . .

The teacher closed the book and laid it on her desk. "On that day in Washington in 1865 when Congress voted to abolish American slavery a great storm of cheers broke out among the people assembled and waiting for the decision. Men and women wept for joy. One hundred guns thundered and boomed from Capitol Hill, and the next evening a torchlight parade with a brass band came to serenade President Lincoln in the White House. Mr. Lincoln sent word to the people that he was very happy about the great event. 'There is a task yet before us,' he said. 'We must go forward. The work so nobly begun by Congress must be finished by the states. Illinois, my home state, has already ratified. Amendment Thirteen is more important than the Emancipation Proclamation because it causes the abolition of slavery to be written into the law of the land.' "

The teacher paused in her story and turned to the board. She made a little arithmetic problem of the years. "Count the years, children," she said. "How many years since that salute of guns on Capitol Hill in honor of the freedom of mankind? This Amend-

ment Thirteen was a new Magna Charta, a new Bill of Rights, a new charter of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. National Freedom Day is what February first may soon be named, and if this holiday is written on the calendar, we will thank Major R. R. Wright of Philadelphia for his tireless interest in having it added to the year's list of red-number days.

An Assembly Program

"Since February is the month that gave us Abraham Lincoln and the tremendously important Amendment Thirteen, it was thought to be a good plan to set aside seven days as Negro History Week. Many schools in our country have special programs during these seven days."

"Can't we use our scrapbook for Negro History Week?" Ricardo asked.

"We can and we will."

The memorial to Dr. George Washington Carver, begun in January, bulged with newspaper clippings, with pictures, drawings, stories, and letters.

"We could make up a program for assembly," Alice suggested.

"We could and we will." The teacher began to write in her planbook, stopping from time to time to hear what the children were saying.

"We could tell about our scrapbook and show it."

"And we could tell about February first."

"And read Amendment Thirteen!"

"And let's have a play, let's have a play!" Everybody approved of that idea, naturally.

"What is your idea for a play?" Miss Vance inquired.

"Betsy Ross and George Washington and the flag!"

"Yes, oh yes, who will be Betsy Ross, Miss Vance? Gerald is a big boy, he ought to be George Washington. He was George Washington last year."

"I have a hatchet, a George Washington hatchet. I got it at a party. We could use it in the play, Miss Vance."

A gust of scatterbrained ideas swept the class and left it rocking with enthusiasm.

"Don't you think it would be fun to tell a new George Washington story in your play this year?" the teacher ventured. "One that is not as well-known as the flag story?"

"About the cherry tree!" exclaimed Rafael. "We could use Johnny's hatchet."

"Everyone in this class has heard that story plenty of times," Ann said loftily.

"I found a story among the clippings you brought to school for your scrapbook," Miss Vance went on, leaving the hatchet-cherry tree dispute suspended in air. "Mousegh's name is penciled on the margin so he must have been the contributor of this clipping. I'd like to tell you the story."

The Fifth Grade buzzed with "hushings" and "shushings" and then settled into quiet expectancy. The teacher began.

Phillis Wheatley

"She was only seven years old but someone had stolen her away from her home and her parents in Africa, and that was surely a wicked thing for anyone to do. In a sailing ship, she had been brought to Boston in America and there she was offered for sale as a slave, and surely that was a wrong thing, too. This is the true story of a little girl named Phillis Wheatley. A lucky thing happened to the stolen child at last. A good man in Boston paid a sum of money so that he could take her home to his wife. This man was Mr. Wheatley. His wife loved the little girl. She called her Phillis and taught her all the things she needed to learn. Phillis was as smart as anything. She liked to read and spell and she liked to make up poems, and all was happiness in her new home.

"She was quite a big girl when General Washington came to Cambridge to take command of the Army. Phillis Wheatley wrote a long poem in his honor and sent it to him in a letter. General Washington was so pleased with the young Negro girl's verses that he invited her to come and visit him at his headquarters. This she did. It was a great honor, and one that Phillis never forgot.

"Her poem is quite long and very stately. Here are a few of the lines:

His Excellency George Washington

Columbia's scenes of glorious toil I write.
See the bright beams of heaven's revolving light
Involved in sorrow and the veil of night!
Fired are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy every action let Columbia guide."

There was a pause, then "We could make it into a play!" chorused the Fifth Grade, little caring that the quaint poem was too difficult for them to understand. "Somebody could be George Washington, and somebody could be Phillis Wheatley, and she could read her poem!"

"Let me be a guard, Miss Vance, let me be a guard!" begged Joe Lisowski.

And so the first day of February was lived in the Fifth Grade at Strawberry Street School. Miss Vance looked at her planbook. "The skeleton is getting some meat on its bones," she mused. "I wonder what it will look like when fully developed."

More Ideas for the Program

A week passed by, a week made enchanting by numerous George Washingtons receiving all the Fifth Grade Phillis Wheatleys while invariably Joe Lisowski guarded the General's headquarters.

"We ought to make up an Abraham Lincoln play," Edith Adams announced one day, and so thought everyone. Ideas ran the gamut of the elementary school Lincoln legend but Miss Vance held out for a fresh approach to the great American's life and achievements. At last she succeeded in channeling the plentiful play-interest toward the story she had told them about the adoption of Amendment Thirteen. They set to work. Again and again the Fifth Grade tried to picture the feelings of the Great Emancipator as the sounds of a mighty celebration floated into the room where he sat in the White House. At last their extemporizing was put in written form and they had a five-minute playlet built upon the following outline:

Reading Amendment XIII.

Story of the Celebration of 1865.

President Lincoln Greeting the Crowds around the White House.

The assembly program had been set for February 21 and, idea by idea, it had been taking form. Variety is the spice of life and the very life of assembly programs, the teacher knew. Why not spice this one with a guessing game? Miss Vance saw a way to expand the February tradition so that it would reach our American neighbors in Mexico, in South America. She said to the children one day, "Instead of asking you to tell me what you know about George Washington, I am going to play a guessing game with you. I will compare George Washington with another father of his country in another land. Let us see whether you can guess the name of this other patriot. Write your answer and drop it into the box on my desk." Miss Vance passed out two-inch squares of paper. Then she said:

"Who Was He?

"Like Washington, he was the son of well-to-do parents.

"Like Washington, he loved outdoor life.

"Like Washington, he was a soldier and freed his country from its mother country.

"Like Washington, he led his army against the soldiers of a king.

"Like Washington, he lived during dark days but never gave up hope of liberty.

"Like Washington, he struggled to build a new free America.

"Like Washington's, his name is to be found on the map of the New World."

A second packet of papers, two inches square, was quickly distributed among the children after they had answered this quiz according to their light. The teacher began again.

"Who Was He?

"Like Lincoln, he was a poor boy.

"Like Lincoln, he struggled to secure an education.

"Like Lincoln, he was accustomed to humble tasks.

"Like Lincoln, he became a lawmaker.

"Like Lincoln, he was elected to office in his own state.

"Like Lincoln, he became the President of his country.

"Like Lincoln, he knew the sorrow of Civil War.

"Like Lincoln, he worked for liberty and justice in America."

Miss Vance rested her hopes of a winning answer to the guessing games upon that collection of books and magazines called the Classroom Library. Surely some boy or girl, browsing freely among these biographies, *True Comics,* travel journals, and history tales, had come upon stories of Simon Bolivar and Benito Juarez. She was right; several children recognized Simon Bolivar as the first *Who Was He?* And one boy, who had discovered Nina Brown Baker's *Juarez, Hero of Mexico,* and read it from cover to cover, was equal to the second test. Another feature was added to the assembly program. There would be a quiz for the audience.

Susan B. Anthony

One day when the Fifth Grade had shed its galoshes, its mufflers, caps, and coats, and had slung its collective skates over the hooks in the cloakroom, it was greeted by a lady's picture ensconced upon the bulletin board. It was plain that Miss Vance had something else on her mind for February.

"Susan B. Anthony belongs with the history-makers of our country," she began without saying anything about its being a lesson. "I am especially sure that every girl in this room should know the name of this great woman."

Dickie Maxwell was a stamp collector. Dickie had seen the lady's picture on a stamp!

"More than anyone else Susan B. Anthony worked to add another freedom to the roll of rights and privileges which citizens of our country enjoy," Miss Vance went on with an appreciative nod at the stamp collector. "It seems that most people had forgotten that women were citizens, too, and should have the right to vote. Susan B. Anthony did not forget, however. She thought of it and worked for it all of her eighty-six years, not counting the time when she was a baby, or a little girl, of course.

"It seemed too good to be true when I discovered that her birthday came in February, because that made it even more proper to include her name in our program. There it is, girls and boys, the birthdate of a great American woman." Miss Vance wrote on the board—*February 15, 1820*. Then she picked up a book and began to read aloud, starting with a date one hundred years later than Susan B. Anthony's birth year.

1920

Amendment XIX: Woman Suffrage

The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.

"Step by step, we move forward," the teacher added by way of comment upon this great declaration. "Step by step, until we win freedom for all. How is that for a title for our program, girls and boys? Freedom for All!"

"Will we have Susan B. Anthony in it, too, Miss Vance?"

"We could make a set of quiz questions about her."

"Let's practice our play!"

"Let me be Phillis Wheatley, I haven't been Phillis Wheatley!"

"It's Nate's turn to be George Washington!"

The Fifth Grade sputtered with patriotism.

" 'If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well,' " quoted Miss Vance sagely. "Come, let's get to work. A bit of dictionary study will be helpful." As she talked, the teacher wrote on the board—*suffrage, abridge, abolish, voluntary, jurisdiction, amendments.* "Our program is scheduled for next Monday, and after that comes Washington's Birthday with holiday freedom for us all."

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6

SAINT PATRICK'S EMERALD ISLE

A Story for March

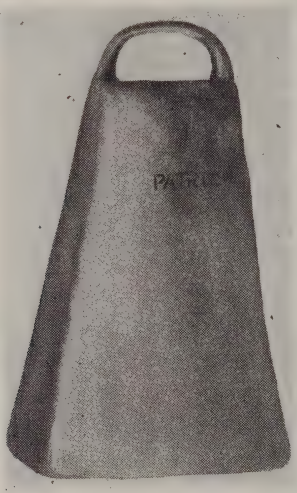
The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

With the singing of this beautiful old song of Ireland Strawberry Street School greeted Saint Patrick's Day. It was assembly time and Miss Bird, the librarian, had come to tell a story. She had pictures and slides to show, too, and she invited the children to visit the library where, in the exhibition cases, they could see coins of the Irish Republic, Gaelic writing, chunks of peat, wood carvings, beautiful Irish lace, and linen handkerchiefs, and where she had set on a special shelf all the books about Ireland that she could find. Then she held up a little pot of green leaves. "Shamrocks make us think of the Emerald Isle and its patron saint," she began. "He lived so long ago that even your great-great-great-grandfather did not live so long ago as he. Who was this Saint and why do we wear the shamrock in his honor? That is a story which takes us back to the dimly lit past.

"It was in the fifth century that the good Saint Patrick labored among the people of Ireland. As I think about him I seem to hear the sound of a small bell ringing up and down the land calling the people to prayer, for Saint Patrick was one of the Christian missionaries. A thousand years and half of another thousand have passed since that Easter morning when he stood

at Tara before the High King of Ireland and told the story of the Resurrection.

"It was Easter Eve, 433 A.D., but the High King knew nothing about Easter. He was holding a spring festival. A fire was lighted on Tara's hill. Suddenly another fire brightened the sky. 'What is that?' demanded the King. 'Who dares to do that when our sacred flame is burning?'



St. Patrick's bell.

"The Druids knew that it was Saint Patrick's fire burning for Easter. They wanted to see the saint put to death, so they said to the King, 'If that fire be not extinguished tonight, it will never be extinguished.' Of course, they meant the fire of Christianity.

"The High King sent for Saint Patrick and he came to Tara on Easter morning. Singing a hymn he came, together with his missionaries, a great procession of them robed in white. Saint Patrick told the story of the Resurrection. Legaire, the High King, in spite of his Druids, permitted the new religion to be

taught in his kingdom. We know now that the fire was never put out. Today you will see at Tara a statue of Saint Patrick robed as he was on that faraway Easter morning.

"A thousand years and half of another thousand it has been

The bell cover.

since his bell went ringing up and down the green land of Erin. That bell, a priceless treasure, is to be found in the National Museum in Dublin now. A beautiful jeweled cover stands beside it. The metal case was made centuries ago, but old as it is and beautiful as it is, it is not so old nor so great a treasure as the plain metal bell that was Saint Patrick's own.

The Book of Kells

"To Dublin you must go to see the most beautiful book in the world. After the good Saint Patrick had brought the Christian religion to Ireland, the monks set to work making books by hand. They decorated the pages in red and blue and gold. The loveliest piece of manuscript writing handed down to us from those distant centuries is the *Book of Kells,* which may be seen in the library of Trinity College in Dublin. It is kept in a glass case and each day one of its golden pages is turned. At night it is placed in a fire-proof safe. This manuscript of the four gospels in Latin is more than a thousand years old, but the colors placed on its pages by the scribes of distant ages are still fresh and beautiful.

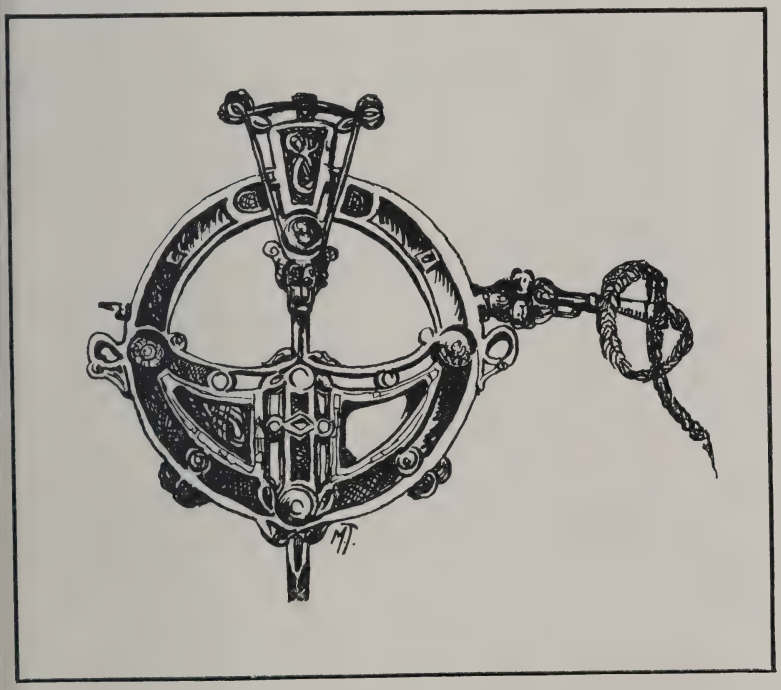
"How in the world did they ever keep this precious book safe through all the centuries? That is a fair question which must be answered with a certain amount of guesswork. Scattered through Ireland are to be found a number of strange, lonely-looking round towers. Often they are to be found near the ruins of an ancient church. The entrance to some of the towers is twelve to fourteen feet above the ground and the walls are in places four feet thick. These towers can boast of being a thousand years old. Scholars believe that they were used as watch towers from which the dreaded Vikings could be sighted. When the alarm was sounded the monks and priests would seize the sacred books, the altar ornaments, and the precious vessels, and run to the round tower with them. They, no doubt, entered by means of a ladder which was drawn up after them. The bases of the towers were built to defy fire or the battering-ram.

Buried Treasurers

"Some of the treasures of Ireland passed through strange adventures before they landed safely in the libraries and museums of Dublin.

"There is the Ardagh Chalice, for example. One day a farm

boy was digging in a field in Ireland when suddenly his spade turned up a silver cup. It was decorated with bands of gold and made in a most beautiful fashion. Scholars examined it and agreed that it must have been a communion cup made centuries ago by the craftsmen of old Ireland. It is believed that the Ardagh



The Tara brooch.

Chalice, which the lad found in the field, was buried there to save it from the hands of marauders.

"Another treasure was picked up by a little child while playing among the pebbles along the Irish seashore. This was an ornament made out of white bronze. Again the scholars were

called upon to examine it and they discovered that it was the ancient Tara brooch, the ornament that fastened the King's cloak. This brooch is to be found in the Dublin National Museum.

Tara

"Twice I have spoken of Tara, the place of the High Kings of Ireland. Little remains today to recall the great days there—only a few grassy mounds or circles of earth where once stood the palace to which came all the lesser kings and chiefs, every third year, to pay homage to the High King. The Irish poet, Thomas Moore, must have been dreaming of those days when he wrote the song—

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

"A long line of High Kings ruled at Tara in Meath. Cormac was one of them, Legaire another, Brian Boru the greatest of them all.

Saint Patrick's Mountain

"You have heard that Saint Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, but did you know that there is a mountain called Croagh Patrick, from the top of which he is said to have expelled the snakes? There is a little chapel on the summit of Saint Patrick's Mountain and there the pilgrims who climb to the top may attend mass at 6 A.M.

"Perhaps I have partly answered the question with which we began: Who was Saint Patrick? Of the shamrock I have not

spoken. This delicate plant with its three-part leaf was used by Saint Patrick, they say, to teach the idea of the trinity—the three in one.

Ireland and America

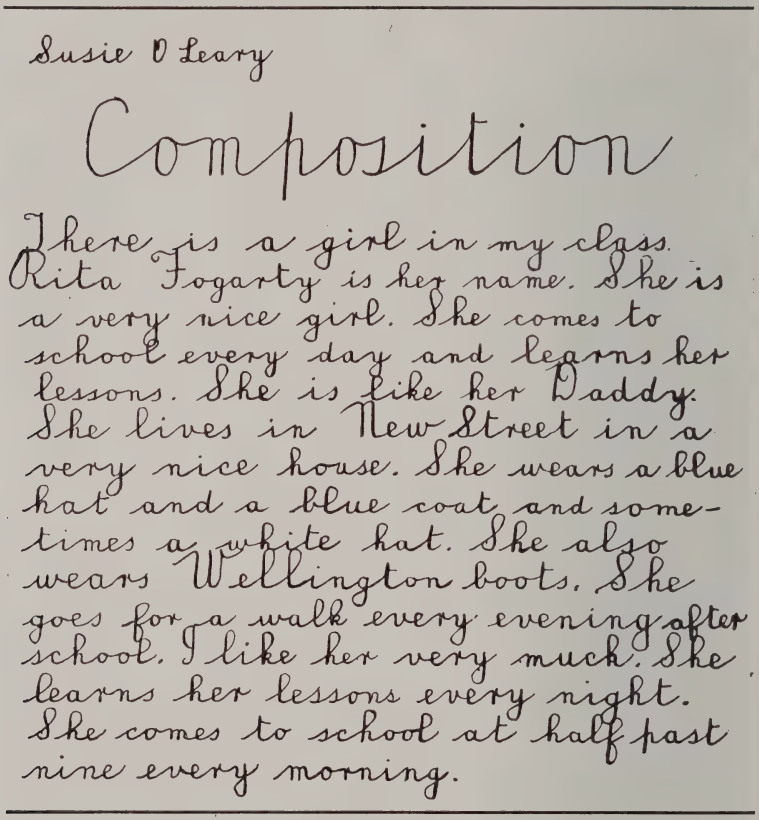
"Ireland gave many of her people to America. In sailing vessels, in modern ships, they traveled from the old country to our shores. You will hear their names in all the states of this great land—O'Connell, O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Brien, O'Neil, McCormick, McNeil, McNary, McShane. Their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren are American citizens—Cosgrove, Dougherty, Stephens, Collins, and Joyce. Perhaps you are an American whose ancestors came from Ireland. Is yours an Irish name?—O'Leary, O'Sullivan, O'Malley, O'Shea, Fogarty, Boyle, MacGillicuddy, Mackay, Adair, Casey, Sheridan, O'Toole, Flynn, Kelly, Daly, Fitzgerald?

"As Americans we should be proud to know about the culture of this island from which so many of our ancestors came. Let it stay in your mind that a thousand and half of another thousand years ago Ireland heard the bell of Saint Patrick ringing up and down the land. Let it stay in your mind that the music of the harp and the pen of the scribe were making beauty in Ireland in far-off times. Tell your mind to remember that the craftsmen of ancient Ireland wrought so well that to this very day the Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, and the Cross of Cong are admired by all who see them. The glories of Ireland's ancient past are not to be forgotten. She had a Golden Age in the fifth and sixth centuries and was famed afar for her learning. Students came to her green shores from other lands. The Emperor Charlemagne invited some of the Irish scholars to come to his Court.

"Ireland is proud of her ancient language, too, and today in the schools of Eire children learn the Gaelic as well as the English tongue. Here is a composition written by Susie O'Leary, a

little Irish girl. She gave her composition book to a friend of mine who was traveling in Ireland.[1]

"If you like to read stories of Ireland, get from your library



Susie O Leary

Composition

There is a girl in my class. Rita Fogarty is her name. She is a very nice girl. She comes to school every day and learns her lessons. She is like her Daddy. She lives in New Street in a very nice house. She wears a blue hat and a blue coat and sometimes a white hat. She also wears Wellington boots. She goes for a walk every evening after school. I like her very much. She learns her lessons every night. She comes to school at half past nine every morning.

the old Gaelic tales about Coohoolin and Fionn. Lady Gregory and Ella Young have retold these legends in a most entertaining manner.

[1] Contributed by Elizabeth Dever.

"And now we are ready for lights-out," announced Miss Bird, nodding to her helpers and moving to the side of the platform. "We are going to show you some slides picturing the ancient treasures I have just described."

Sorca Ní Laoghaire

Cailín

Tá cailín beag in mo rang féin. Cailín ana maith is ea í. Tá sí deich mbliana d'aois. Cagann sí ar scoil gach lá. Luíeann sí cóta donn agus hata donn gach Domhnach. Téigeann sí ag siúbal gach tráthnóna nuair a bíonn a dinnéar ite aici. Bíonn a máthair in éinfheacht léi. Leanann sí leabhar nuadh inchéadgus bí sí ag. Téigeann as nuair a chuaid sí abaile ón scoil. Tuigann a máthaí airgead oi nuair a bíonn sí ag dul ar scoil gach maidin.

MÁTHAIR MÁTHAIR MATHAIR

Then while Mousegh Agababian and Joseph O'Malley drew back the curtains which covered the picture screen, and while Rafael Zurzola and Nate Goldberg got the lantern ready, Miss Bird added, "If any of you children would like to make glass slides of your own, pictures of Saint Patrick's bell, and the

King's brooch, and the ancient round towers of Ireland, just come to the library and I'll help you to find some materials for your work. Are you ready, boys? Good! Lights out!"

Irish Words

Ach—a field
Alba—Scotland
Ard—high
Bally—a town
Ben—a mountain
Bo—a cow
Boreen—a lane
Born—a tax
Carrick—a rock
Claddagh—the seashore
Clare—a plain
Clon—a meadow
Croagh—a mountain range
Darragh—oaks
Dun—a fort
Eire—Ireland
Fianna—soldiers
Fin—fair
Gal—a stranger
Glen—a valley
Inish—an island
Kil—a grove
Kill—a church
Knock—a hill
Lough—a lake
Money—a thicket
Moy—a plain
Muck—a pig
Og—young
Puca—a sprite
Rath—a fort
Ross—a wood or promontory
Shee—a fairy
Slieve—a mountain
Tir—land
Uska—water

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7

CHINESE-AMERICAN VISITORS

A Class Party

Keep your mind busy to accomplish things; keep your mind open to understand things. —*Chinese Proverb*

Mousegh Agababian held an unopened letter in his hand and read the address inscribed on it with real satisfaction. "Mr.," it said, "Mr. Mousegh Agababian, Secretary, Fifth Grade, Strawberry Street School." Yes, that was most gratifying. The return address of the writer, in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope, told him that it was from a young lady.

The Fifth Grade crowded around him, a dozen voices pushing and shoving to announce, "Mousegh has a letter, Miss Vance, a letter for our class! It's from the Chinese girl, it's from Meimei, Miss Vance!"

Mousegh walked up to the teacher's desk and showed her the dignified address on the white envelope—"Mr. Mousegh Agababian, Secretary."

"Oh, yes, of course, a reply from Meimei!" Miss Vance exclaimed and tugged at her stubborn desk drawer. "Well, open it, Mousegh, and read it. I hope she can come."

The secretary tore at the seal and finally extracted a beautiful-looking letter. "Mr. Mousegh Agababian, Secretary, Fifth Grade, Strawberry Street School," he began a little self-consciously—

Dear Mousegh,

I have just read your very kind letter inviting me to visit your class some day. I will be happy to come. Will the fifteenth of March suit you? That is a Wednesday and I could come at one o'clock in the afternoon. Thank you for inviting me.

Sincerely,

Chen Meimei

"She writes real good English," declared Joe Lisowski approvingly.

"And why not?" Miss Vance remarked, taking her record-book and pencils out of the balky desk drawer. "She is an American girl, a graduate of an American high school."

"She's a big girl, isn't she, Miss Vance?" twittered Edith with happy expectancy.

"Oh yes, quite a young lady," the teacher answered casually. "Eighteen, I think."

The Fifth Grade was not unmoved by the prospect.

"Will she talk Chinese?" inquired Joe, interest mixed with apprehension.

"What! To this class?" Miss Vance smiled. "You don't understand Chinese, do you? No, Meimei will speak to us in English. She has been educated in two languages, isn't that splendid? Maybe we can persuade her to teach us to say something in Chinese."

"We ought to fix everything nice and pretty for her," Ann Williams announced briskly. "Let's have a party, Miss Vance. All Chinese things. Every single thing Chinese!"

"How can we do that? We can't have Chinese furniture, can we?" Bobby Olsen was a realist.

"Or Chinese books or Chinese clothes!" Nate added by way of agreement.

"Anyway, why does it all have to be Chinese?" was Edith's thought on the matter. "Meimei is an American girl."

"I'll tell you what let's have!" fluttered Jeanie Burns. "Let's have it partly Chinese and partly not Chinese."

Miss Vance seemed to like that plan. "I guess that means we can use the same old desks and chairs, doesn't it?" she said hopefully.

"And the same old victrola!"

"And blackboard and books!"

"Oh, do you know what, Miss Vance? My mother has a little

Chinese table at home, a real little one. Maybe she'll let me bring it for the party." Marie's face was bright with resolve.

"Would a Chinese kite be something to bring?" drawled Charlie Keller. "I have one. My uncle gave it to me. He brought it from San Francisco. That's in California. It's a butterfly, I mean the kite is."

"Meimei is a girl," Ann cut in. "Girls don't fly kites, do they, Miss Vance?"

"Why not? I did when I was little—over the orchard. My kite fell into an apple tree."

"I know something to bring that girls like, and that's a doll. I'll bring my Chinese doll," decided Alice.

Miss Vance kept jotting things down in her planbook as the children talked until she had a page full of ideas. "Number One Idea," she read aloud. "A party!"

The Fifth Grade beamed.

"Number Two Idea. Decorations."

Buzz, buzz, buzz.

"Number Three Idea. A program."

"We could have something to eat!" burst out Gerald.

"And music!" added Ann Williams, aiming to raise the level of enjoyment.

"And games."

"And talk," insisted Donald.

"By all means, talk—good conversation," agreed the teacher. "Meimei will tell us fascinating things about China."

"I'm going to ask her things," Dickie Maxwell said musingly. "Lots of things—about ancestors, and why they worship their ancestors, and about those little Chinese coins with square holes in them like I have in my coin collection. Do you think they're worth a lot, Miss Vance?"

The teacher, who had never found time to become an authority on coin collections, evaded this with a deft, "We'll ask Meimei about the coin. And about the ancestors, too!"

"And about Chinese New Year and dragons!" put in Alice.

"Real dragons?" cried Americus Marino, trying to frighten himself.

"Of course not. Not real ones." Alice was annoyed by such childishness.

"Girls and boys," Miss Vance said at this point, "we have some letter-writing to do. Our reply to Meimei must be mailed today."

Then followed one of those English and spelling lessons, with dictionary and blackboard reminders doing their part to bring about a skilled job of written composition. Everybody wrote a note, but it was a composite class letter, recopied by the secretary, that made the trip to Meimei's mailbox.

"We have the whole thing wrong!" cried Mousegh in dismay when he was about to address the envelope. "Her name isn't Meimei, it's Chen! It's her last name that's Meimei. She's Miss Chen Meimei. See how she's signed her letter! If we are going to call her by her first name the way you said we could, Miss Vance, we'll have to call her Chen."

The teacher laughed. "You are not the first person to be puzzled by that, Mousegh," she said reassuringly. "Don't worry, we didn't make a mistake when we called her Meimei because that really is her first name. She signed her letter in the Chinese manner. The family name is considered most important, so it is given first place. You, for example, would be Agababian Mousegh."

"And I'd be Lisowski Joe!"

"Adams Edith Irene!"

"Douglas Billy Joe!"

Everybody had to try the sound of the Fifth Grade names according to the Chinese manner, while Agababian Mousegh, in his best class-secretary handwriting, inscribed Meimei's name and address on the envelope.

During the two weeks that intervened between this day and the time set for Meimei's coming, the Fifth Grade read and drew,

and painted and built, and argued and wondered. Charlie's Chinese kite had been the model for a whole flock of kites—butterflies, birds, and fishes—and they now made gay the walls of the schoolroom. Alice's doll stood on the book shelf. Marie's mother had been prevailed upon to let the little carved table come to the party. On it stood a Chinese porcelain bowl loaned by Miss Vance. A great map of China hung on the wall and the flags of two countries met in peace—the Stars and Stripes and the banner of the Chinese Republic.

"I'm glad we studied about Marco Polo this year," declared Rafael as the preparations for Meimei's coming proceeded.

"Marco Polo and the Flowery Kingdom of Kublai Khan!" Agnes Howard said the words like a poem. "Shall we tell Meimei that we studied about Marco Polo?"

"Oh, of course. It should be known," laughed Miss Vance. "Perhaps it is excusable that we should brag a little about our great knowledge of history."

"Does Meimei know about Kublai Khan and Marco Polo?"

"Positively. She is a graduate of high school, you know, and must certainly have studied plenty of history. Furthermore, like Marco Polo, she traveled to far-away China and saw the Flowery Kingdom with her own eyes."

The Visitors Arrive

It was March fifteenth at last, windy and cold, but in the Fifth Grade, pussy willows were silver on the branches that had been thrust into a tall vase, and the whole room was beautiful with the beauty of things Chinese. All was ready for Meimei.

Lunchtime came and passed, and when it was time for the afternoon session to begin, two young girls came walking down the street and up to the front door of Strawberry Street School. They wore winter suits, and smart felt hats, high school style, wooly gloves and bright scarfs. They wore goloshes, too, and each girl carried a traveling bag.

"Here she comes! Here comes Meimei!" cried the watchers at the window. "She has a girl friend with her!"

Miss Vance knew about the friend, an added surprise for the Fifth Grade.

The reception committee hurried to the outer door.

"How do you do. We will show you to our room," said Jeanie shyly to the visitors.

"We are all waiting for you, Meimei," ventured Agnes Howard, and wondered which girl was Meimei.

And "Miss Vance, this is Meimei and her friend," announced Marie, leading the visitors to the Fifth Grade doorway where the teacher awaited them.

Meimei was smiling happily. "How do you do, Miss Vance," she said. "May I introduce my friend Kinsen Lin?"

Miss Vance gave the girls a great welcome. "It is very kind of you to come, Meimei and Kinsen. The girls and boys can hardly wait to meet you."

That was certainly true. The Fifth Grade was bending as far as it could bend and craning to see as much as it could see, while the visitors chatted with Miss Vance at the doorway and the reception committee hovered about importantly. Then the lively conversation faded out of earshot as visitors, teacher, and reception committee moved down the hall to the principal's office, leaving the Fifth Grade seething with expectancy. A few minutes passed, and back they all came into the room, this time filling it with a bright, happy, company feeling.

Miss Vance introduced the Fifth Grade to Meimei and Kinsen, and the young ladies, looking very sweet and pretty, smiled at the children and said, "Hello, girls and boys, we are glad to meet you." Just like that! Just like any American girls would do, if they came to visit Strawberry Street School. Well, come to think of it, Meimei and Kinsen were American girls. Born Americans. Kinsen had never seen China, but Meimei had. That was lucky. She could tell them about the land of her ancestors.

Soon the visitors were being shown all the fine decorations which the children had arranged with so much delight—the kites, the Chinese bowl, the little carved table, the maps and flags. They saw the books the Fifth Graders had been reading and the stories they had been writing. They looked long at the pictures of Chinese scholars, farmers, soldiers, nurses, and boys and girls displayed on the bulletin board.

The children were chatting easily with Meimei and Kinsen—about the letter Mousegh Agababian had written for the class, about the fun they had had making kites like Charlie Keller's. "And we read about Marco Polo and the Flowery Kingdom of Kublai Khan," Agnes informed the visitors.

Honor for Elders

"It is wonderful," said Meimei in her smiling, soft voice. "I am astonished that you children have learned so many things about the country of my ancestors."

Dickie Maxwell asked the question that had been puzzling him. "Why do Chinese people worship their ancestors? And why do they put food on their graves? The ancestors can't eat the food."

"It is an act of love," Meimei explained. "It is like putting flowers on graves for love. Can your ancestors smell the flowers?"

"I never thought of that," Dickie admitted freely.

"In the spring the Chinese people have a festival called *Ch'ing Ming*. Perhaps you have heard that they go outdoors to visit the graves of their ancestors? They clear off the leaves and weeds and place food and incense on the graves. Then the children romp and play and the family has a picnic under the trees. Is that so strange? It seems a little like Memorial Day to me."

"Yes, it does," agreed Miss Vance. "And I thought of another thing about ancestor worship. I read that in China, tablets to the deceased members of the family are put up in places of worship. That made me think of the beautiful stained glass windows in our

churches with *'In Memory Of'* written on them. We, too, remember our loved ones who have passed out of this world—our grandparents and great-grandparents, our heroes, and poets, and saints."

Kinsen joined in the discussion. "My father tells me about his life in China," she said. "He was a boy there, and there he learned to show great respect to his elders. I think that in America we wish to show respect to our elders, too, don't we? It is good to hear the teachings of those who have lived longer than we have. Our teachers, our parents and grandparents can guide us in good living. There is a commandment that says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' "

The Fifth Graders turned this piece of wisdom over in their minds.

Meimei and Kinsen had very good ideas, Dickie decided, but there was something else to find out about now—his little copper coin with a square hole in it. He showed it to the young ladies and waited in hopeful suspense for their verdict. Perhaps it was worth fifty dollars!

Kinsen took it in her hand. "Oh, yes, a *cash!*" she said, giving the coin its name. "A very small amount of money, not so much as a penny."

Puff! Dickie's dream of riches disappeared like smoke.

"It's nice to have it in a coin collection," he said stoutly.

"Oh, surely, very nice, I should say so!" agreed Kinsen, and carefully returned the *cash* to its owner.

Festivals

Agnes moved closer to Meimei. "You told us about the spring holiday that is like Memorial Day," she began.

"Ch'ing Ming? Yes."

"Well, please tell us about the Dragon Boat Festival."

"That comes on Summer Day, on the fifth day of the Fifth

Moon. That would be in June. It is an outdoor festival. The Chinese junks are decorated with lanterns and flowers and big dragon banners. They have races and the people watch to see which boat will win—the yellow dragon boat, or the blue dragon boat, the black or the red or the green." Meimei paused.

"Now tell us about Chinese New Year," the children begged.

"That is a good time, I can tell you," Meimei went on. "A very great holiday. It comes in February. Families always try to be together for New Year. They have banquets and the elders give the children lucky money wrapped in red paper. Everybody who has any debts pays what he owes so that he may start the New Year right. Lanterns are hung at the doorways. Firecrackers go popping, drums and cymbals sound, and the Dragon dances in the street.

"He is a wild-looking creature, but friendly, too. You should see his great mouth and red eyes, and sparkly, twisty tail! People give the Dragon lucky money, too, all wrapped up in red paper. They hang lettuce and oranges up outside the door along with the money, and the Dragon comes and eats the food. Then the man who walks beside the Dragon takes down the folded red papers and puts them in a box, and the money is used for all kinds of good and helpful causes. It makes up a kind of Chinese welfare fund.

"Sometimes the Buddha Lion takes the Dragon's place in New Year celebrations. There was a Revolution in China in 1911, and since that time China has had a Republic with a constitution something like our American constitution. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was a great patriot much loved by the Chinese people. He was the 'Father of the Revolution.' Maybe we can say he was the George Washington of China. I know you are wondering what the Revolution has to do with Lions and Dragons. Well, some people say that the Dragon stood for old China in the days of the emperors, and the Lion took the Dragon's place after the Revolution. Others say no, it's like this. The Dragon stands for nature, and

just as we must not be afraid of nature, we must not be afraid of the Dragon. So the Dragon dances on Chinese New Year nowadays just as he did before the Revolution.

"I will show you how to say Happy New Year in Chinese." Meimei found a piece of chalk and wrote on the board—

Guong yea fat choy
Luck and prosperity on New Year.

Gong hsi go nien
(gông she go nien)
Greetings! Good fortune for the New Year.

"There you have two greetings. I should explain that China now uses the same New Year that the rest of the world has, the one that comes on January 1, but the old Chinese New Year is celebrated by many, many people. And no wonder! It has been celebrated for more than four thousand years."

The People's Schools

"Can you write the greeting in Chinese letters?" asked Billy Douglas.

"In Chinese characters?" Meimei repeated. "Yes, I can do that," and she wrote the beautiful sacred characters on the board.

"That's hard to do," Joe Lisowski said, much impressed.

"Oh, not too hard. I will tell you something. Always Chinese people have admired knowledge. Always they have given great respect to scholars, but they made one mistake. They thought that only a few people were smart enough to learn to write and to read books and newspapers. Many, many people in China could not read the Chinese writing. The farmers and workers of all kinds were illiterate. I guess you know that 'illiterate' means unable to read and write. Well, it was a mistake to imagine that these Chinese farmers could not learn for they were really smart people. All they needed was a chance to learn. Now they are

having this chance in the People's Schools, and it doesn't matter whether they are twenty, or thirty, or forty years old, or more; they may go to the People's Schools and learn to read and write. Not only that. They learn about self-government, too, and as they do so, they are also learning about farming in the co-operative way, and about marketing their crops in the co-operative way. That's another big word, isn't it? 'Co-operative.' It means *working together, one for all—all for one. Gung Ho,* they call it. China is having an awakening, we say, a big waking up.

"Dr. James Yen is the leader in the People's Schools of China."

Surprises

As Meimei paused in her story, Kinsen turned to Miss Vance and said something quietly to her. Miss Vance looked pleased and, after glancing at her class, turned back to Kinsen saying, "You will really have to make the choice yourself." Then Kinsen and Meimei spoke softly to each other. It all had the look of a surprise of some kind. That is exactly what it turned out to be. Kinsen said, "We have brought Chinese costumes with us, the kind our mothers used to wear."

The Fifth Grade girls buzzed with pleasure.

"We wear such costumes at special times. Would you like us to dress up for you?"

Would they! No need to ask. The Fifth Grade was thrilled.

Then came another question, a wonderful, delightful question. Kinsen asked, "Would any little girl in this class like to wear a Chinese dress today? We have brought a little girl's dress with us, too."

"I would! I would! I would, Kinsen! I would like to wear the Chinese dress!" All the girl-part of the Fifth Grade was eager to be chosen.

Miss Vance smiled at Kinsen sympathetically. "That's why I wanted you to choose the lucky girl," she said.

Kinsen had an idea. "I will close my eyes and reach for some one," she said. And that is what she did. Her hand touched Ann; so Ann was chosen. The little girl and the young ladies slipped out of the room, carrying one of the two suitcases.

"I wish they had a boy's Chinese costume, too," mused Donald as the visitors disappeared.

Edith took the opportunity to think out loud. "Meimei and Kinsen are sweet!" she murmured. "Which do you think is the prettiest, Miss Vance? I think Kinsen is."

"Oh, I don't," spoke up Jeanie. "I think Meimei is much prettier than Kinsen."

Dickie settled the dispute. "They're both pretty," he said and changed the subject. "If my Chinese coin is not worth as much as a penny, I wonder how much it is worth."

"I like the Dragon Boat Festival best of all the holidays," remarked Bobby Olsen, ignoring Dickie's not-so-precious *cash*. "I like it because they have boat races."

Joe Lisowski was pondering over something else. "I thought they couldn't talk English," he said. "But they can. I didn't know some of the words they said myself."

"Like 'illiterate' and 'co-operative?' " Miss Vance asked.

Joe nodded. "I guess so," he replied, puzzled.

"We'll talk about those words one of these days," the teacher said. "Now let's get our fruit punch from the school kitchen so that we can have some refreshments when Meimei and Kinsen return."

The refreshment committee, which had labored industriously in the morning, preparing a delicious fruit juice drink, colored pink with cherry syrup, hurried away and returned with bucket, dipper, pitcher, and paper cups. Just in time, too, for they were no sooner settled in their places again than in came Meimei, Kinsen, and Ann, dressed in the beautiful Chinese costumes. Blue satin, green, and gold they were. Ann's dress with its little high collar was a bright, deep blue, and she wore a lovely jade neck-

The Fifth Grade had a party.

lace. Kinsen and Meimei wore bracelets of jade and gold, and they all carried little fans.

"Oooohs!" and "Aaaahs!" rippled through the Fifth Grade. Even the boys paid tribute with an admiring "O boy!" Everyone had to see the costumes and examine closely the jade and gold ornaments and the dainty fans.

The girls began to serve the fruit punch. "This is very nice," exclaimed Kinsen, taking a paper cup from the tray held by Greta.

"Perhaps now we could give you the little treat we have brought for you," suggested Meimei.

What! Another surprise? Yes, it seemed so. "We have brought some Chinese refreshments for you, and some Chinese music to play on your victrola. See, we will have good things to taste, and music to hear." So saying, Meimei began to open the other traveling bag which had been placed on a table in the corner of the room. Out of it came a box of nuts, then a box of cakes, then another box of cakes, then an album of records.

Kinsen took the records and showed them to Miss Vance, and while they were looking at them and selecting the one to play first, Meimei was opening the boxes of cakes. "These are Chinese almond cakes, girls and boys, very sweet and rich. There's one for each of you. And these are Chinese lichee nuts. Like prunes in soft shells they are. See, you can crush them with your hand so," and Meimei broke open one of the nuts and took out the sweet, sticky fruit and gave it to Mousegh to eat. "It is mostly all seed," she laughed, "so do not be disappointed."

The almond cakes were passed around the class, the lichee nuts, too, and soon everyone was enjoying a fine mixture of good things to eat and drink. At the victrola, Miss Vance and Kinsen were placing the first record of Chinese music on the disc. Kinsen began to talk above the chatter and laughter. "Listen!" she said. "The Chinese people are going to sing for you."

At once it began, the "*Chee Lai*" (Arise!) one of a group of

songs of New China rendered by Paul Robeson, the great Negro singer, and a chorus of Chinese singers with Liu Liang-Mo conducting.

And so we will leave the Fifth Graders of Strawberry Street School in the midst of their party, enjoying the new, somewhat strange music of China, tasting the lichee nuts and the almond cakes, and making merry with their friends Meimei Chen and Kinsen Lin.

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Exhibit material free of charge.

China Aid Council, 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
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China Institute of America, 119 W. 57th Street, N. Y.
Chinese lecturers may be secured through the Institute.

Chinese-American Citizens' Alliance, San Francisco, Cal.

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Pamphlet material for teachers.

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8

SPRING FESTIVAL

A Choral Speech Program

Here we come a-piping,
In Springtime and in May
Green Fruit a-ripening
And Winter fled away.

—Old May Song

"What do you know about that! I never thought that peanuts were plants." Joe Lisowski gazed affectionately and with a proprietary air at the row of goober seedlings sprouting in the window box. "That was a good idea we got out of Dr. George Washington Carver's book, wasn't it, Miss Vance? About planting peanuts, I mean. Will we make candy again when they grow big and have peanuts on them?"

"Oh dear, I'm afraid you are expecting too much of a window-box garden," the teacher protested laughingly.

"Don't count your peanuts before they're hatched," sagely warned Charlie Keller.

In another window box tomato seedlings, spindly and pale, leaned toward the light and sun. Tiny lettuce plants occupied a third box and showed the children that green isn't always green the way you think of green. Strawberry Street School was experimenting with seeds.

"When is spring, Miss Vance? When is it really spring?" Ricardo looked puzzled.

"I know," volunteered Jeanie. "March twenty-first is spring."

"Aren't you wrong about that?" Dickie Maxwell asked in a

mildly surprised way. "I think you'll find that March is the beginning of autumn."

"Autumn! Oh, it is not. You know it isn't," the class chorused with a laugh.

But Dickie grinned and persisted. "Yes, March is the beginning of autumn and winter starts in June," he went on. "I read it in a book."

"Believe it or not!" mocked the Fifth Grade.

Dickie stood his ground with the air of a man who has found a truth and cannot be laughed out of his convictions. "You didn't wait until I finished," he rebuked the scoffers. "June is the beginning of winter in South America and in South Africa and Australia. The equator divides the earth into the northern and southern hemispheres. I read it in the encyclopedia."

Jeanie took one mental glance at the poetic but mathematical subject of vernal equinoxes, latitude, and longitude. "Oh, if you're talking about *that!*" she remarked vaguely.

But Agnes Howard brought the discussion back to the north temperate zone with, "I think it's spring when the leaves come out on the trees and the flowers begin to grow."

"And I know it's spring when the first skunk cabbage pokes out of the ground in the marshes," said the teacher. "In our town they used to put it in the newspaper. 'Skunk cabbage was seen today in Taylor's meadow.' "

"It's spring when marbles start, too," Rafael had another barometer of the seasons.

"And when we paint Easter eggs in school," added Greta.

"How about robins?" Gerald Rosenbaum wanted to know, "Robins are a sign of spring."

"Have any of you children ever heard about the coming of springtime in other lands?" Miss Vance asked.

"Like Dickie was talking about?" inquired Mousegh. "Where it's June in winter?"

"Yes, or in other lands of our north temperate zone."

"I read about the Indians. They have corn-planting dances," said Michel.

"That's not other lands," objected Edith Adams.

"I heard about Italy," spoke up Rafael Zurzola. "My mother was born there and she said they had Maytime of the Maidens. That's for girls," he added by way of explanation. "And the shrines and altars have fresh flowers on them because May is the month of Mary."

"Isn't that a beautiful custom!" exclaimed Miss Vance.

"People dance around the Maypole on May Day. That's nice too," observed Ann. "Girls do that and they pick a queen of the May—

> I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother,
> I'm to be Queen of the May!"

Ann singsonged the lines of an old poem.

"Why don't we have March Day and April Day too?" Edith wanted to know.

"Oh, we do have beautiful times in April and sometimes in March," said the teacher. "Have you forgotten the Easter festival and the Passover?"

"In the Ukrainian church we stay up until midnight on the Saturday before Easter," Michel Chernav said. "And all the people say to each other, 'Christ is risen.' But first we stand outside the church door, holding candles in the dark. Then we go in and everything is bright with many lighted candles and the church is full of music and singing."

"We go to church on Holy Thursday. Some churches have Good Friday processions. People walk through the streets carrying tall lighted candles and a platform all decorated with flowers. There are images on the platform." Rafael was full of the memory of it all. "And do you know what my mother bakes for Easter, Miss Vance? Cakes with colored eggs baked in them, stuck right in the dough, I mean."

"I would like to see one, I certainly would, Rafael," exclaimed the teacher. "When I was little my sister and I used to hunt from room to room for colored eggs on Easter morning. Sometimes we would find a blue one under a chair or back of a cushion, and a red one in a flowerpot. And sometimes there would be two together in a little nest on the bookshelf. We thought the Easter Rabbit laid them there. Once when it was warm on Easter the Rabbit laid the eggs outdoors under the lilac bush, and beside the garden bench, and everywhere like that."

"And then did you eat the eggs, Miss Vance?" Gerald asked. "We have a hard-boiled egg at the Seder feast which comes at Passover, and we have unleavened bread. I'll bring some to school, if you want to see some. It's called matzoth."

"Gerald is telling us about an ancient festival," Miss Vance interrupted to explain. "The Last Supper was a Seder feast. Jesus and the disciples met in Jerusalem at Passover time and celebrated the Feast of Unleavened Bread together, for Jesus was brought up in the Jewish faith. Passover comes in early spring, always around Easter time, doesn't it, Gerald?"

Gerald nodded. "Yes, it does," he said.

"And can you tell us what the Passover celebrates?"

"It's about how Moses led the people out of Egypt.[1] Pharaoh didn't want to let them go, so the Lord sent the plagues and at last all the first-born of the Egyptians were slain, even Pharaoh's son, but the Angel of Death passed over the homes of the Israelites, because they were marked on the door posts with the blood of a lamb, so that the Angel would know which ones to pass over."

"Why, we heard that story in our Sunday School!" exclaimed Edith Adams.

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[1] Jews observed a spring festival long before the deliverance from Egypt. See *The Jewish Festivals,* by Hayyim Schauss, Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Cincinnati, 1938, p. 39.

"I know you did," said Miss Vance. "Well, now you know what the Passover celebrates. And can you tell why it is called the Feast of Unleavened Bread?"

It was left for Gerald to explain that the people of Israel took their dough and baked it before it was leavened, because they left Egypt in haste when Pharaoh said, *"Rise up, and get you forth and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said."*

Donald Gray's right hand was in the air while the forefingers of his other hand traced and held fast to a place in his notebook. "Look," he called out, "Passover comes in Nisan, Miss Vance. Or is it in Adar?" He studied a list of calendar names copied in his neat, plump handwriting. "I wrote down what Gerald put on the board that time," he added, and rushed to show Miss Vance his list of Hebrew calendar names.

"Oh, yes," the teacher said with a hasty but approving glance at Donald's notebook. "Well, Easter and Passover are both movable dates."

It was enough for Agnes that they both came in spring. "Easter and Passover come in spring, and Kinsen and Meimei told us about *Ch'ing Ming*. That comes in spring too," she said. "All over the world there is something special in spring, I guess."

"There is the Cherry Blossom Festival, too. That is a custom learned from the Japanese," the teacher added. "People go out to the parks and gardens to see the cherry trees blooming in April."

"Can we do that, Miss Vance?" Mousegh had an idea. "Can we go out to see our cherry trees along the river, when they are in bloom?"

"I don't see why we can't," responded the teacher. "A very good suggestion, Mousegh."

"I know something else to do, Miss Vance. Let's have our class go around to the rooms like the Fifth Grade did last year for May Day." This from Marie O'Brien.

"Oh, yes! With flowers and May baskets!"

"And give May greetings the way they did!"

"We could make paper May baskets!"

"Where did they get the flowers, Miss Vance?" inquired Alice.

"Oh, I was able to buy quite a large bouquet of spring blossoms at the market. We put several in each basket and left one in every room we visited."

"I can get you some flowers this time," Americus Marino promised.

"We will want to find some poems about spring. Do you remember how the choral speaking choir greeted each class?"

"Oh, let me be in the speaking choir, Miss Vance," the chant began.

"Let me!"

"Let me!"

"Let's find the poems first," was the sobering suggestion of the teacher. "Then we'll all take part in the verse-speaking here in the classroom. After that we'll select our choirs. This entire class can't crowd into a room already full of children, but we can send the choirs to different rooms with May Day greetings."

"Or we could have an assembly program," Donald had another idea.

The rest held to the original plan, however. "This time let's go visiting rooms," they urged.

A procession of April days went by, bringing sun and shower, and sun again, bringing red buds to the maple trees, and color to the ivy tracery on old stone walls, bringing at last the bursting cherry blooms along the river banks. The Fifth Grade made high holiday of this event and left the schoolroom for the afternoon to learn firsthand from nature. In the woods they found the delicate white bloodroot pushing through the brittle leaves of autumn, and spring beauties flowering in tiny stars where the earth was moist, and at the river was the enchantment of the blossoming cherry trees.

Back in school again there was rich harvest of the afternoon

outdoors. All month they had been at work on the choral speaking programs and now, after their cherry-blossoms trip, they burst into poetry of their own. Limping verses, doggerel rhymes, trite or meaningless jingles, shared the papers with lines of such artless beauty, expressions of experience so fresh and true, that the teacher felt that the project had brought high rewards, that we may well take a hint from our Chinese friends, and discover for ourselves the pleasures of writing a poem. Some of the Fifth Grade creations were added to the May Day program.

POEMS BY FIFTH GRADERS[2]

Spring

The blue, blue sky above
Is smiling down at me;
Birds are singing sweetly
Within a green-veiled tree.

—R. W.

A Wild Tree

Just before the sunset
I walked along the woods
And there behind the elder bush
A cherry tree stood tall.

Its blossom-laden branches
Swayed gently in the breeze,
And each time the wind came softly
A blossom left that tree.

—R. K.

[2] These poems were written by Fifth Graders of Girard College, Philadelphia.

Roaming

Beside a brook I stood in comfort
Looking in the water,
When I beheld a happy sight;
I saw a double tree in bloom.

I have threescore years yet to roam
The forest filled with giants;
I hope to roam the hills around
Beneath the spreading hoary trees.

—F. R.

The Bloodroot

When the magnolia begins to bud,
And the blue jays sing their songs,
Comes a timid little flower
With a golden heart.
I saw her in the woods
On a sunny April day;
She was popping out her head
From under the autumn leaves.

—L. P.

God's Bouquet

Magnolia tree, you have wonders
That you do not know about;
Upon your arms the robins sing
Of the coming of spring, wonderful spring.

You look like a tree in winter
With that snow upon your arms;
You look like a bouquet of flowers
Dropped down from God's mighty heart.

—L. V.

Dawn

The sun comes creeping
Above the big brown hills
Waking up the adder's tongue
And all the daffodils. —L. D.

Forests

In the seeds before me there lie forests
Of sycamore and oak,
And some day they may be standing
Beside the river bright. —J. M.

Summer Again

The cold days of winter,
Are gone away again;
The bright days of summer
Have come with robin and wren.

The beautiful grass has come too
And O so many flowers!
The bared trees got their leaves
From the April showers. —R. H.

The Seashore

The ocean roars
As the wind roars
Playing at the close of day;
The boats sway
As the winds sway
Coming at the close of day;
The sands dance
As the winds dance
Playing at the close of day. —A. M.

May Day

A cool stream with flowing water
Is running over the rough rocks.
—D. M.

The field is covered with soft and yellow dandelions.
—J. H.

The days and their wonders pass away.
—G. L.

A little stream runs cool and blue.
—P. F.

Up and up we go through the long-stretched woods.
—H. W.

The choral speaking program was proceeding famously. This is how they went about it when they learned "The Farmer":

1. The teacher read the verses aloud and the children, feeling the rhythm to their finger tips, tapped to her reading.

2. She said it all again and they spoke the refrain with her, clearly and with perfect enunciation:

With a pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat.
With a tug-tug at this, and a tug-tug at that.

3. After several readings, the children chorused all the refrain without help.

4. Next they substituted a hand-patting for the simple beating of the rhythm—the right hand patting the left, the left the right, the right the left, and then repeating it. For the "tug-tug at this" they pulled at imaginary roots and stones. They dramatized, with gestures set to rhythm, all the refrains of the poem.

5. After this, the best readers of the class took turns reading the story lines, as the class responded with the refrain.

6. The teacher finally selected a group of children who spoke clearly, and with expression and a sense of rhythm, to say the entire poem, giving the narrative lines each time to two solo speakers. Soon all the class knew the poem and could recite it with interesting expression, lively rhythm, and dramatizing gestures.

The following poems are arranged for choral speaking.[3]

The Farmer

1ST SOLO:
A farmer once planted some little brown seeds,
CHORUS:
With a pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat.
2ND SOLO:
He watered them often and pulled up the weeds,
CHORUS:
With a tug-tug at this, and a tug-tug at that.
3RD SOLO:
The little seeds grew tall and green in the sun,
CHORUS:
With a push-push up here, and a push-push up there.
4TH SOLO:
And a beautiful plant grew from every one,
CHORUS:
With a hey-diddle-diddle, and hey-diddle-diddle,
All waving their heads in the air.

The Dandelion

(The class is divided into two groups for this line-a-side dialogue.)

SIDE A:
O Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
SIDE B:
I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play.

[3] These poems by unknown authors are to be found in *The Teaching of Choric Speech,* by Elizabeth E. Keppie.

SIDE A:

O Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do at night?

SIDE B:

I wait and wait till the cool dews fall
And my hair grows long and white.

SIDE A:

And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?

SIDE B:

They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away.

Rookety Coo

(Line-a-side or antiphonal speaking.)

GIRLS:

Where do you think I went today?

BOYS:

Rookety coo, rookety coo!

GIRLS:

Off to town in the farmer's dray!

BOYS:

Rookety, rookety coo!

What do you think I did today?
Rookety coo, rookety coo!
Out of the cage I hopped away,
Rookety, rookety coo!

"What happened next?" I hear you say,
Rookety coo, rookety coo!
Spreading my wings I flew away,
Rookety, rookety coo!

Back to my mate I found my way,
Rookety coo, rookety coo!
Now I am home with you to play,
Rookety, rookety coo!

A Spring Lilt

SOLO VOICE:
Through the silver mist
Of the blossom spray
Trill the orioles; list
To their joyous lay!

HIGH VOICES:
"What in all the world,
In all the world," they say,
"Is half so sweet, so sweet,
Is half so sweet as May?"

LOW VOICES:
"June! June! June!"

Low croon
The brown bees in the clover,

HIGH VOICES:
"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"

LOW VOICES:
Repeat the robins, nested over.

Song

SOLO:
Lo, the winter is past;

HIGH VOICES:
The rain is over and gone;

SOLO:
The flowers appear on the earth;

SOLO:
The time of the singing of birds is come,

LOW VOICES:
And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

—THE BIBLE

Psalm 136

(Part speaking. The class is divided into light or high voices, dark or low voices, and medium voices.)

HIGH:
O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;

LOW:
For his mercy endureth forever.

HIGH:
O give thanks unto the Lord of hosts;

LOW:
For his mercy endureth forever.

SOLO:
To him who alone doeth great wonders;

SOLO:
To him who by wisdom made the heavens;

SOLO:
To him that stretched out the earth above the waters;

ALL:
For his mercy endureth forever.

HIGH:
To him that made great lights,
The sun to rule by day,

LOW:
The moon and stars to rule by night;

ALL:
For his mercy endureth forever.

MEDIUM:
To him that smote Egypt in their first-born,
And brought Israel from among them;

ALL:
For his mercy endureth forever.

SOLO:
To him which divided the Red Sea into parts,

MEDIUM:
And made Israel to pass through the midst of it,

SOLO:
But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea;

ALL:
For his mercy endureth forever.

LOW:
Who remembered us in our low estate;

HIGH:
And hath redeemed us from our enemies;

ALL:
For his mercy endureth forever.

MEDIUM:
O give thanks unto the God of heaven,

ALL:
For his mercy endureth forever.

The Fifth Graders studied three poems translated from the Chinese and these they added to the program: "The Ching-Ting Mountain," by Li Po, Chinese poet of the eighth century, translated by Shigeyoski Obata;[4] "A Feast of Lanterns," by Yuan Mei, Chinese poet of the eighteenth century, translated by L. Cranmer-Byng;[5] and "Flower Shadows," by Su Shih, Chinese poet of the eleventh century, translated by Alan Simms Lee.[6]

These lovely poems from China set teacher and children to thinking about the poetry and songs of other lands. Charlie Keller knew a little German prayer song; Joe Lisowski recited a poem in Polish, and Miss Vance played an Italian lullaby on the victrola. She played a Chinese record, too, and some Mexican songs. "The more we know about the beauty of other lands and other cultures, the richer we are," the teacher told the children, but they were already discovering this pleasant truth for themselves.

And now the poems were arranged in order for the May Day greetings, beginning with *"Here we come a-piping,"* and ending with *"And now comes we must leave you."* With the making of the baskets and gay wreaths and garlands the preparations for May Day were completed, and when the bright morning came to

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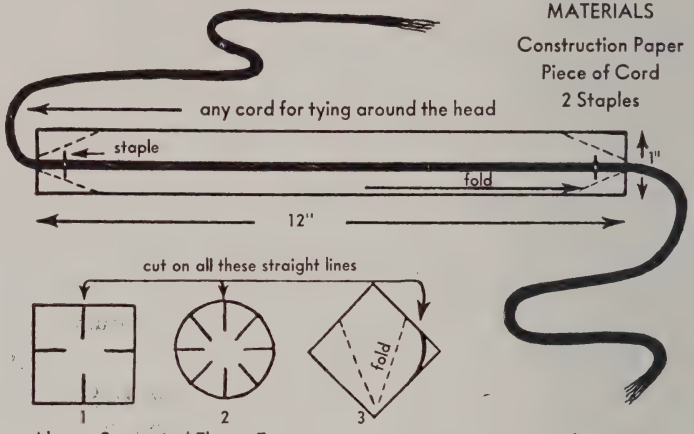
[4] *Poetry of the Orient*, edited by Eunice Tietjens, Alfred A. Knopf, London, 1928, p. 216.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 238.

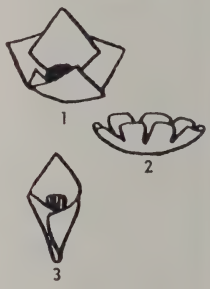
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 237.

MATERIALS
Construction Paper
Piece of Cord
2 Staples



Above: Suggested Flower Forms

Use any clippings of bright-colored paper you have, one inch or less square: construction paper, coated paper, crepe paper, paper napkins, etc. Fold up where cuts will provide overlapping. Paste. Provide centers with smaller scraps. Staple or paste on above headband.



NOTE: Placing the paper flower forms very close together on the band will make the petals stand up.

FLOWER BAND

May Day decorations.

Strawberry Street School, the flower baskets and poetry-speaking of the Fifth Graders gave beautiful greeting to the season.

And now comes we must leave you
In peace and plenty here.
We shall not sing you May again
Until another year.

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9

THE P.T.A. PARTY

A Neighborhood-Home Festival

Long and long has the grass been growing,
Long and long has the rain been falling,
Long has the globe been rolling round.

—Walt Whitman

In June the Parent-Teachers' Association of Strawberry Street had its term-end gathering in the library. Two children from each grade, chosen to represent their classes, joined parents and teachers in a festival of talk and song. Library tables were pushed to the wall and in the center of the room a circle of chairs was arranged for the guests. Bowls of daisies crowned the bookshelves, and girls and boys, wearing arm bands to indicate their classes, ushered the visiting mothers and fathers into the festive room where already the firstcomers were enjoying an "ice-breaker" game.

From across the hall Miss Berner's piano had been rolled into the library, and it was not by accident that Rafael Zurzola's young uncle arrived with an accordion. "My uncle can play the accordion," Rafael had exclaimed one day when Miss Vance had been describing to her class just such a festival as this promised to be. "He knows swing music and Italian songs and everything. He plays in a swing band!" So Mr. Joseph Montalbano had been persuaded to play for the P.T.A. party.

Rumor had it that refreshments would be "different" and that the guests would have a chance to sample Greek honey cakes, Armenian *paklava,* Italian candy, and Pennsylvania German

shoo-fly pie, as well as the pretzels and gingersnaps usually served with fruit punch. Sure enough, when Mrs. Nicolopoulos, Johnny's mother, arrived, she was carrying a box full of just-baked honey cakes. Charlie Keller's mother brought shoo-fly pies; Mrs. Rosenbaum had made *Lebkuchen;* Edith Adams' mother provided the pretzels, crisp and salty ones, and Mrs. Maxwell had made a big batch of cookies, rich with chocolatè nuggets. There was a plateful of Italian cakes and candies and the Fifth Grade had made four pans of Dr. Carver peanut fudge for the guests.

But refreshments were to be the second act of the play. First would come conversation—interesting, unusual conversation. Miss Vance, exploring the town, had discovered that Mrs. Gwilym Jones, whose little twin boys were in the Second Grade at Strawberry Street School, had lived in Wales and knew about the Eisteddfods. Edith Adams' father, a New Englander, had boyhood memories of tapping the sugar-maple trees. Agnes Howard's mother was a former teacher and she had a wealth of knowledge of Negro history. There were parents with Scottish names; Mousegh's mother and father were of Armenian background; Joe Lisowski's people were Polish; Greta's parents were of Swedish birth. First- and second-generation Americans, and Americans whose families had been in this land for two hundred years and more, would be gathered together under the banner of the P.T.A.

In the one planning-meeting which preceded the party, Mrs. Jones agreed to tell about the Welsh and American Eisteddfods, if the spontaneous conversation called forth an opportunity for such a story. Mrs. Howard promised to recite a poem by Langston Hughes or Paul Laurence Dunbar, if the talk turned to poetry. A group of the school children prepared to sing some American folk songs. All else was left to the natural conversation growth which should take place under the leader's direction.

Meimei Chen had been invited and had promised to come. So varied were the cultural backgrounds of the expected guests that Miss Vance felt certain that an exciting experience was in store

for them all in this festival of talk and song. Welsh, Polish, Russian, Mexican, English, old-stock American, Irish, Scandinavian—from varied cultures came Strawberry Street School's parents. White, Oriental, Negro—three races would be represented at the P.T.A. party.

Out of the intercultural studies and experiences of the year teachers and pupils arranged an exhibition that served further to dress up the library. Suspended from the wall in the far corner hung the rooster *piñata,* somewhat deflated since the Mexican Christmas game of blindman's buff had shattered his concealed jar of sweets. The scrapbook of Negro history lay open on a library table. A sample of Chinese writing, and a beautiful representation of the Hebrew alphabet done in India ink by Gerald Rosenbaum, occupied a bulletin board. On another display space appeared the photostatic copy of a little Irish girl's composition book, each story of which was written first in English, then in Gaelic. There were masks of all peoples dangling from pegs in the walls. Greta's Swedish Crown of Lights, made new with fresh candles and newly cut evergreens, lay on top of a bookshelf. The menorah lamp with its eight candles stood on another shelf. Colonial samplers, pewter plates, Scottish tartans, New England birch bark, Rocky Mountain mineral collections, Navajo silver work, foreign language books, and Russian toys were displayed in exhibition cases or on the bookshelves. Everything spoke of the rich growth of knowledge that had been taking place in Strawberry Street School.

Eight o'clock and all was ready! Thirty grownups sat in a circle, with a dozen children making a second tier cross-legged on the floor in front of them. Miss Vance, acting as conversation leader, suggested that they all in turn introduce themselves and tell where they grew up. Their replies made one think of a talking map of the world.

"In Vermont," said Mr. Adams.

"In New York City," reported Mr. Joseph Montalbano.

"Greece, in the country," Mrs. Nicolopoulos said with her bit of English.

"Cardiff, Wales!" Mrs. Jones called out.

"Allentown, Pennsylvania," announced Mrs. Keller.

"Warsaw, Poland!" That was Joe Lisowski's father.

"Göteborg, Sweden," said both the Nilssons.

"In Florida," Mr. and Mrs. Bennet responded.

"In Russia!"

"New Jersey!"

The place names were scrambled together like the letters in alphabet soup.

"Mexico!"

"Boston!"

"Minnesota!"

"Naples!"

"Virginia!"

"Colorado!"

When the roll-calling had circled the group the conversation leader exclaimed, "The scenes of our childhood were laid in five regions of this country and in seven foreign countries and here we come together as Americans all! It will be fun to remember what this season of the year meant to us in our various childhood homes. I am going to ask you to remember yourself when you were about ten years old. What did vacation days mean to you? I remember that we used to have a last-day-of-school program and we would all go home carrying a 'From Your Teacher' souvenir card bedecked with silken cord and tassel and nosegays of mottoes and forget-me-nots. And sometimes the teacher, clearing out the book closet, would bestow a backless *Third Reader* on a lucky helper. That was a red-letter moment!

"Sounds like an old-time district school," said the man from Vermont.

"That's exactly what it was," went on Miss Vance. "A one-

room country school where we had community spelling bees in wintertime—"

> "I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
> I hate to go above you,"

quoted Mr. Adams.

And Mrs. Maxwell added,

> "Because, la-la-la-la-la-la—
> Because, you see, I love you!"

"That's it," laughed Miss Vance, "and the old district schoolhouse is still standing on the hill in the woods—

> Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
> A ragged beggar sunning;
> Around it still the sumacs grow,
> And blackberry vines are running.

"The Whittier poem describes the school of my childhood perfectly. Blackberry vines twined over the rock fences and sumacs reddened by the roadside. In the spring we gathered wild flowers in the woods and ate our lunches on the big rocks."

"Gathering flowers!" exclaimed Mrs. Keller. "The fun we had gathering flowers for our last-day-of-school party! Our colors were green and white, so we went out into the country and brought back basketfuls of daisies—just like these," she added, glancing at the bowls of flowers on the shelves.

Mrs. Velasquez spoke up. "In Mexico we have many flowers. Mexico is a land of flowers," she said, "and late in June, on St. John's Day, people adorn the fountains and wells with flowers to honor the saint of the waters. They go bathing and flowers are tossed among the bathers. Then there is eating and dancing and music. Oh, beautiful and gay!"

"That we celebrated in Norway too," said Mrs. Olsen, her face lighting up with the memory of it all. "A little girl is chosen as midsummer queen and St. John's bonfires are built on the high places."

"Midsummer!" exclaimed Greta Nilsson's mother. "We had that in Sweden too. The Maypole was set up and decorated with garlands; the fiddlers played and the people in bright costumes went in and out, in and out, as they danced. Even at midnight it is not dark yet in that country."

"In Poland we celebrated the midsummer time too," Joe Lisowski's mother said. "We danced—oh, beautiful dances!"

"*Sankt Hans Aften* we call it in Norway," Mrs. Olsen explained.

"And we say *Día de San Juan* in Mexico," added Mrs. Velasquez.

"In Ireland, in Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, in Switzerland, all over Europe, apparently, we read of this St. John's Day celebration," the leader remarked.

A Fourth Grader spoke up. "Miss Vance, there is a little yellow flower that grows on a pretty big plant and its name is St. John's-wort. It's a wild flower. I read a story aboue it in one of our schoolbooks." Here was a wonderful thing, Polly Robbins was discovering. Here in these tales of Midsummer Day was the reason for that strange little story she had found in a book of legends only last winter.

"Won't you tell us the story," the man from Colorado asked.

"Shall I, Miss Vance?"

"Oh yes, you certainly should tell us the story of St. John's-wort," the conversation leader replied; and Polly began:

"Once upon a time—oh, long, long ago—in the Harz Mountains in Germany, a wonderful flower bloomed between eleven o'clock and midnight on Midsummer Night. Now this flower hopped from place to place and it was like a yellow light in the darkness. At the last stroke of twelve it disappeared. The only person who could pick the flower was one chosen by God and then this person learned all the secrets the flower knew about the earth—and he could become invisible. The flower had the power to make doors and locks spring open, so they gave it the name

springwort, but it was called St. John's-wort, too, because it blossomed on St. John's Eve."

Polly stopped speaking and a patter of handclapping rippled through the room, mingled with words like "good" and "charming little legend" and "nicely told." Polly felt happy but not conceited. She was pleased to think that she could add something to this conversation that was getting bigger and bigger as it rolled along, like a snowball you are making into a snow man. This conversation was making something too, it was making friends out of strangers.

Mrs. Maxwell turned to Greta's mother. "You have taught me something this evening, Mrs. Nilsson; I thought Maypoles were English. We read so much about the English May Day, you know."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Burns. "Don't you remember the poem—Tennyson's, I think—about the little girl who was to be an English May Queen?

> 'You must wake and call me early
> Call me early, mother dear, . . .
> For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
> I'm to be Queen of the May!' "

"All I know about it is that we had Maypoles in Sweden, too," Mrs. Nilsson answered.

"And in America!" called out Ann Williams of Grade Five. "Lots of schools have Maypoles."

Mrs. Maxwell picked up the thread of conversation. "I grew up in Pennsylvania," she said, "and all this remembering of summertime fun makes me think of the Sunday School picnics we used to have in the country. Of course the mothers packed a wonderful picnic supper—potato salad, pickled beans, hard-boiled eggs, cold meats, chocolate cakes, 'seven sweets and seven sours,' they used to say—and all the children received a ticket for a dish of ice cream. There were games and races. Everything was grand, if it didn't rain."

"Yes, and I remember hayrides long ago in summertime," said a middle-aged man. "In the moonlight driving the horses along the country roads we would talk and laugh and sing."

Rafael's uncle drew out his accordion in gently rippling lines of song. Softly it fell into the rhythms of "Summertime." A voice picked it up, timidly at first; another hummed an accompaniment. Miss Berner turned to the piano and played the air while her voice led the others through the words of the Gershwin song—

> Summer time an' the livin' is easy;
> Fish are jumpin' an' the cotton is high.

Quiet followed the song, quiet that was full of harmony. Then Mrs. Gwilym Jones said, "In Wales there is much singing. In August we have the Eisteddfods, all kinds of competitions in singing and poetry-writing and plays. The Welsh people love music, you know."

"They're a singing people, Mrs. Jones," announced Dickie Maxwell's father.

"Yes, that's true," Mrs. Jones went on. "In Pennsylvania where many Welsh people live, the Eisteddfods have been growing up just like those in Wales."

"A thing worth transplanting to American soil, I'd say," said the man from Colorado heartily.

"Do we all know an old Welsh song?" the conversation leader asked.

"What was the one we used to sing in school, about the ash-grove?" inquired Mr. Adams, searching his memory and humming, "The ash grove, la, la, la, The ash grove, hum, hum, hum—"

Mrs. Jones' voice came out clear and strong with the words and soon the whole group was humming or singing:

Down yonder valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove.
Or at the bright noon-tide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.
'Tis there where the blackbird is cheerfully singing,
Each warbler enchants with his notes from the tree.

Miss Berner played the air, Mr. Montalbano's accordion trembled through the melody, and now a great burst of song proved that the guests were gaining confidence and having a wonderful time.

The conversation leader noticed that Meimei Chen had not yet been drawn into the talk about summer days, and since the fun of the evening lay in telling stories as well as in hearing them, she sought to draw the young girl out. "When you spent that year in China, Meimei, did you take part in any summer festivals?" she inquired.

"Oh, Meimei," exclaimed Ann Williams, "tell us about the Dragon Boat Festival the way you did when you visited our class."

"That comes on Summer Day in June," Meimei explained. "I saw it just once, when I visited the home of my grandparents. The Chinese junks are decorated with lanterns and flowers and big dragon banners. It is beautiful—yellow dragon boats and blue dragon boats and red dragon boats! Here in America I do not see any dragon boats, but often I went to girls' camp and there we would row on the creek in an old boat and we would sing, sing, sing."

"Did you sing 'Row, row, row, your boat'?" asked little Eleanor Stevens of the Third Grade.

"Yes, we did!" laughed the Chinese-American girl. "We sang it a thousand times, I guess," and she began—

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.

Gaily the group joined her—

Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

"And then when the moonlight shimmered on the water we used to sing 'Stars of the Summer Night,' " said a man who had not spoken before, and he led them all through that poetic song.

"I think it is like the 'Santa Lucia' sung by the gondoliers of Venice," said the youthful Mr. Montalbano. "I was never in Italy, but I can play that song for you. Come, Mrs. Marino, let's sing it for them!" The hauntingly lovely air led by Rafael's uncle and Americus Marino's mother filled the room with magic as school children and grownups joined in the old Italian song.

There was a brief lull in the conversation and then Mrs. Rosenbaum said, "We celebrate a religious festival in summer. Shovuos, it is called, the Festival of First Fruits. It comes at the time of the old Palestinian grain harvest. The synagogues are decked in green, the Jewish homes too. The children are taught the Book of Ruth and their thoughts are carried back to the days when Jews reaped the harvest in the fields of Palestine. In those days the first sheaf of barley was offered to God, the first loaves of wheat bread, too. It is a tradition to eat dairy dishes on Shovuos, and one of these is fried blintzes, cheese rolled in dough.

"Shovuos marks the time of the giving of the Torah, too. Do you know what that is, the Torah? It is the part of the Hebrew Scriptures that tells of God's laws, of God's revelation of Himself on Mount Sinai. And then, too, in many Jewish congregations Shovuos is a Confirmation time for the young boys and girls."

As the speaker paused the conversation leader said, "When you were describing this festival, Mrs. Rosenbaum, I tried to remember those lines from the Book of Ruth so familiar to us all—'Whither thou goest, I will go—' "

" 'And where thou lodgest, I will lodge,' " Mrs. Rosenbaum added.

And many of the group joined in—" 'Thy people will be my people and thy God my God.' "

"Ruth said that to Naomi, to her mother-in-law, Naomi," reflected Mrs. Maxwell.

"My name is Naomi," spoke up a little girl from Grade Four.

"And mine is Ruth," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Old Testament names," remarked Mr. Adams. "Mine is Samuel, another Old Testament name."

"Do you know, I was just thinking," mused Mrs. Smith, a Grade One parent, "the Shovuos festival is somewhat like Children's Day in other Sunday Schools, isn't it?"

"It reminds me of first communion and the procession of the girls and boys of our church," said Mrs. O'Brien of Grade Five.

"And Harvest Home Sunday, too," Mrs. Keller added.

"But that comes later, doesn't it, an end-of-summer festival?"

"Well, yes, I guess you're right," agreed Mrs. Keller, "but what similarities run through the ceremonies of the seasons in all lands, in all cultures!"

"I must say, friends, that this has been a mighty interesting thing, this talking about summertime and its festivals all over the world," said Mr. Adams. "A wonderful feeling of unity, brotherhood, or whatever you want to call it has been in this room tonight."

"I haven't thought about hayrides for thirty years," said a Grade One grandfather.

"Do you know," Mrs. Keller remarked, "it's fun to sing the old songs. We have drifted away from group singing, haven't we?"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Adams, "and it's too bad. We've fallen into the habit of 'letting George do it.' We sit back and let someone else do our singing for us—on the radio, on the screen, on the stage. That's all right too, but nothing can take the place of a little lung exercise set to music."

"Hearing about the amber fields of grain made me think of—guess what, girls and boys?" quizzed Miss Berner.

" 'America the Beautiful'!" chorused the school children.

"Let's all sing it." Miss Berner touched the piano, the voices of the children picked up the key, and through the open windows into the June night floated this song of America.

Then the conversation leader turned the group's attention toward another idea. "Not one person has mentioned Fourth of July fun," she said. "We always had a picnic on the Fourth of July, and at night when it grew dark we had fireworks."

There was a general buzz over memories of the Fourth, and then Mrs. Howard said, "In the South where I grew up we always had a Fourth of July parade and a program ending with 'The Star-Spangled Banner'—and, of course, no Negro gathering ever broke up without 'Lift Every Voice and Sing.' " She turned to Richard Bennet's mother and father. "Is that the way you did in Florida? 'Lift Every Voice and Sing' after every gathering?"

They nodded and smiled. "Yes, we always ended with that," agreed Mr. Bennet.

"Oh, that is a beautiful song," said Miss Vance. "Won't you lead us in it?"

Agnes Howard's mother smiled shyly. "I can't sing," she protested.

"Neither can I," laughed Miss Vance. "but we won't leave you stranded singing a solo. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet know it and so do the school children. We learned it this year, and Miss Berner will help us out at the piano, won't you, Julia?"

Mrs. Howard was persuaded to lead, and the blended voices of children and adults rose in the noble words and music of James Weldon Johnson's "Lift Every Voice and Sing."

Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty.
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea;
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past
has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present
has brought us;
Facing the rising sun
Of our new day begun
Let us march on till victory is won. . . .

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray,
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God,
where we met Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the
world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our Native Land.

"Thank you, Mrs. Howard, that was beautiful," the leader remarked at the close of the song, and Meimei Chen said, "You were speaking of the American Fourth of July. I must tell you that China has a 'Fourth of July' also, one that comes in October on the tenth day. In China they call it 'Double Ten'—tenth month, tenth day. It is the birthday of the Chinese Republic."

"That calls for a song," declared Miss Berner. "There is one thing that we have prepared in advance of this P.T.A. party. Our girls and boys are going to sing the '*Chee Lai*' for you, a song of the New China."

It was a treat to hear the children's rendition of the "*Chee Lai*," and when the stirring music ended, Miss Berner began to play a rhythmic tune with a half-familiar sound to it. The chorus group scattered and joined some of the mothers who slipped quietly from the room at this opportunity. "Will you all stand up and clasp hands in a circle?" the conversation leader suggested to those who remained. "These are the words of the song Miss Berner is playing, just say them after me—'Walk together, children, don'tcha get weary.'"

Miss Berner played the tune, the circle began to move clockwise, and voices gradually picked up the words and music—"There's a great camp meetin' in the Promised Land!"

It was relaxing to move about this way after the conversation

period, and when the song ended there were the Sixth Graders and their mothers, and there were the Fifth Graders and *their* mothers carrying trays of glasses filled with fruit punch, and plates of pretzels and cookies, and Greek honey cakes, and Pennsylvania German shoo-fly cake, and *Lebkuchen,* and Armenian *paklava,* and Italian cakes, and dishes filled with Fifth Grade peanut fudge!

What did this do but start the conversation all over again, because Mrs. Keller had to hear from Mrs. Nicolopoulos how she made her honey cakes and Miss Berner remembered eating shoo-fly cake when she was a child. Mr. Adams talked about maple-sugar candy and the sugaring-off parties in Vermont. Mrs. Nilsson had to explain to Mrs. Maxwell all about the Swedish Maypole. Mr. Bennet asked Mrs. Velasquez whether he had the correct pronunciation for a few Spanish phrases he had learned, and Rafael Zurzola's uncle had to show the children how to play an accordion.

"Let's dance, shall we?" suggested Miss Berner. "Do you know the Virginia Reel, Mr. Montalbano? Let's try it."

As often happens when someone tries to start this old American folk dance, there were many poor beginnings, wrong turns, and partner mix-ups before it was well under way, but at last a dozen of the guests went swinging through it tolerably well under the guidance of Miss Berner, after which the entire campany was drawn into the simpler patterns of "Up on de Mountain"—

Up on de mountain, two by two,
Rise, sugar, rise!
Lemme see you make a motion, two by two,
Rise, sugar, rise!
That's a very poor motion, 'deed it is,
Rise, sugar, rise!
Lemme see you make a better one, two by two,
Rise, sugar, rise!
That's a very fine motion, 'deed it is,
Rise, sugar, rise!

The story of the June party of the P.T.A. would not be complete without a brief history of what happened months later. The planning committee had met once more to arrange for the first autumn meeting of the Association, and because vacation days lay ahead it was felt that there would be an excellent opportunity for the members to spend some time on the preparation of the program. Insofar as possible, the proposed talks for the program were drawn from firsthand experiences; but in approaching areas of cultural knowledge unfamiliar to members of the P.T.A., they received the guidance of an intercultural education workshop.[1] Perhaps the briefest way to describe what took place in the fall is to reprint here the program that appeared in the local paper.

How Have Our Cultural and Racial Groups
Built a Greater America?

1. Story of Tontitown:
   Father Bandini's social experiment with an Italian farm colony
   —Mrs. Maxwell

2. Love of the Land:
   An account of the successful farming methods of Poles new to America
   —Mr. Adams

3. Irish Songs:
   "The Last Rose of Summer"
   "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"
   "Those Evening Bells"
   Selections from Victor Herbert
   —Mrs. O'Brien (aided by the school chorus)

4. The Co-operatives:
   A story of the consumer co-operative movement as developed in Sweden and in America
   —Mr. Nilsson

[1] Many P.T.A.'s have been guided in this manner by the Intercultural Education Workshop, 204 East 18th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

5. American Folk Art:

Contributions of the Pennsylvania Germans in the decorative arts
—Mrs. Keller

Contributions of the American Negro in the field of music
—Miss Berner (aided by the school chorus)

Arts and Crafts of the American Indian
—Mr. Howard

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Information about the Negro.

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Free to educators. Excellent stories.

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CRAFTS:

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CO-OPERATIVE RECREATION:

Play Co-ops organized in different areas of the country offer opportunity to learn the folk dances of all peoples. For information write: Eastern Co-operative League, 44 West 143rd Street, New York 30, N. Y.

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SOME CULTURE GROUP ORGANIZATIONS AND ORGANIZATIONS WORKING FOR BETTER RACE AND CULTURAL RELATIONS:[2]

American-Russian Institute, 56 West 45th Street, New York.

Catholic Interracial Council, 20 Vesey Street, New York.

China Institute of America, 119 West 57th Street, New York.

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[2] A more complete list will be found in *Get Together Americans,* by Rachel Davis DuBois.

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Commission on Interracial Co-operation, 710 Standard Building, Atlanta, Ga.

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New Tools for Learning, 7 West 16th Street, New York.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Department of Education and Extension, Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street, New York, offers a service to schools throughout the country for a small registration fee and cost of transporting lantern slides, photographs, color prints, and paintings.

Recordings:

"Americans All—Immigrants All," Radio Scripts, United States Office of Education, Washington, D. C.

10

A CHILD IS BORN

A Mass Chant

(On either side of a stage stand the narrators, A and B, at reading desks. In the center of the stage is the chorus group which should be divided into high, low, and medium voices and to which solo parts are assigned.)

A (NARRATOR): A child is born!

B (NARRATOR): An American child is born!
(In staccato fashion.)

SOLO 1: In Minnesota—

SOLO 2: Mississippi—

SOLO 3: Pennsylvania—

SOLO 4: Maine—

CHORUS: In California—Colorado—Alabama—South Dakota—
(With variety.)

SOLO 5: In the far-flung prairie lands—

SOLO 6: In the Rocky Mountains—

SOLO 7: In the desert country—

SOLO 8: In the green hills of Vermont—

CHORUS: A child is born!

SOLO 1: A white child—

SOLO 2: A brown child—

SOLO 3: An Oriental child—

This legacy of science,
These gifts of poem and song?

B: Who garnered through the ages
These riches for the child—
Ten Commandments,
Magna Charta,
Psalm, and choir, and chemistry,
Laws of health,
And speech of sages,
Bill of Rights, telegraphy,
Shakespeare's English rich with Latin,
Touched with Celtic, Dutch, Chinese,
Anglo-Saxon, French of Norman,
Fused in language harmonies?

CHORUS: Whence this store of gathered treasure
Waiting for the child that's born—

SOLO 6: In New Hampshire—

SOLO 7: In Wyoming—

SOLO 8: In New Jersey by the sea?

CHORUS: Food and raiment, law and language,
Music, painting, poetry—

SOLO 9: Art of weaving, tilling, reaping—

SOLO 10: Songs of Yule, and Christmas tree—

CHORUS: And, hard-won throughout the ages,
The sweet gift of liberty!

SOLO 1: Let the roll call name the heroes
Through whom God His wonders wrought,
So that from the void, the darkness,
The young child's gifts were brought.

SOLO 2: Name them Jew or name them Gentile
In this lofty company;
Name them Negro, Oriental,

SOLO 4: An Indian child—

CHORUS: An American child is born!

A: To what heritage is this child born?

B: What have the centuries gathered for the young child's life?

CHORUS: For the white child's, brown child's, young child's life—
For the Oriental, Occidental, Indian child's life?

SOLO 5: In Arizona—

SOLO 6: Oklahoma—

SOLO 7: Indiana—

SOLO 8: North Dakota—

SOLO 9: In Oregon—

SOLO 10: And Idaho—

SOLO 1: In Maryland—

SOLO 2: And Delaware—

SOLO 3: In Washington—

SOLO 4: And Tennessee?

CHORUS: Gifts of law and language,
Fashioned through the centuries—

SOLO 1: Gifts of art and science,
Harvest of the ages—

CHORUS: These are all the heritage
To which the child is born—

SOLO 5: In rolling-hilled Ohio—

SOLO 6: In wide-horizoned Kansas—

SOLO 7: In Utah—

SOLO 8: Nevada—

CHORUS: And sea-washed Florida.

A: Whence comes this treasure store,
This wealth of law and language,

In this great society;
Name them Indian, Caucasian—
Here no bars of race or creed
This the measure, this the title—
Noble thought and noble deed.

A: Abe Lincoln of Illinois!

CHORUS: "A nation cannot exist half slave and half free."

B: Louis Pasteur out of France!

CHORUS: Discovering the world of the infinitely small,
Raising the veil which for centuries covered the origin of infectious diseases!

A: George Washington Carver, American—

CHORUS: Working magic at Tuskegee—

A: Yes, George Washington Carver—

CHORUS: B.S., M.S. Ph.D.,
Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, London,
Director of Research and Experiment, Tuskegee, Alabama!

A: George Washington Carver, Negro—

CHORUS: Giving the world food, and more food, and more food,
And all the hundred gifts besides
That his genius and his faith wrung
From the simple fruits of earth!

B: The Rochdale Pioneers—

SOLO 1: English weavers laying a pattern on the loom of Time—

CHORUS: "All for each, each for all"—
Warp and woof, woof and warp—

SOLO 2: The Rochdale Co-operatives, weaving the stout fabric of democracy!

CHORUS: Named or nameless through the ages,
All the great of heart have wrought
So that from the void, the darkness,
The young child's gifts were brought.

B: Hideyo Noguchi, physician from Japan—

A: Battling the scourge of yellow fever—

CHORUS: Giving his life in pursuit of the enemy!

B: Susan B. Anthony, American teacher,
Changing the mind of a nation,
Offering to each girl-child in the land
That gift of liberty, the hard-won Amendment Anthony!

CHORUS: Susan B. Anthony!

A: Daniel Carter Beard, Father of the Boy Scouts of America—

B: Teaching a love of the great outdoors!

B: Marconi, the Italian—

A: Encircling the earth with sound!

B: Thomas Alva Edison, American—

CHORUS: Finding a way to light the world!

A: Alexander Graham Bell, Scotsman—

CHORUS: And a gift of the talking wires!

B: Florence Nightingale, English nurse,
Lighting a lamp in the darkness of war!

A: Madame Curie out of Warsaw—
Marie Sklodowska, daughter of Poland,
Catching a star for the children of men!

B: Stephen T. Mather, Father of the National Parks—

A: He saw the beauty of America and thought of the child to be born.
What do they say of Steve Mather in the Yellowstone?
In California's Yosemite, in Sequoia?

B: What do they say at the Canyon, where the yellow Colorado flows deep in its rocky gorge?

CHORUS: "There will never come an end to the good he has done."

B: O child born in the Virginia land,
In blue-laked Wisconsin,
In Massachusetts, home of the Pilgrims,
Hear, hear!

A: Haym Salomon,
Haym Salomon out of Poland,
Aiding the cause of American freedom in the days of the Revolution—
Haym Salomon, American, buried in the old Jewish burying ground
On Spruce Street in the City of Penn!

B: Gutzon Borglum,
Carving pictures of stone on a mountain,
Carving giants to live for a thousand years!

A: Thomas Jefferson,
Choosing these words for his gravestone:
"Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence; of the laws of Virginia for religious freedom; and father of the University of Virginia."

CHORUS: O child of the Lone Star Texas,
O babe born where the oil flows rich and dark from the deeps of Oklahoma,
O nestling in the hills of old Kentucky,
Hear, hear!

B: Great Tchaikovsky, son of Russia,
Mendelssohn, the gifted German,
Guiseppe Verdi, Italian master,
Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Mozart,
George Gershwin, the boy from Brooklyn,
Weaving music for the ages!

CHORUS: Let the great hearts talk to children
Down the long lane of the years!

A: Horace Mann, Father of the Public Schools—

B: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

A: Julius Rosenwald, Giver of Gifts—
"Doing good for others is the one pleasure which never wears out."

A: Luther Burbank—
"I shall be content if because of me there shall be better fruits and fairer flowers."

CHORUS: Child born in New Mexico,
Where mesa and pueblo mark the yellow Rio Grande,
Babe in magnolia-sweet Carolina,
Nestling in Montana's shining mountains,
Hear, hear!

SOLO 1: Bible, Mass, and Torah
Sing eternity!
Saints with splendid visions speak white Truth for thee—

SOLO 2: St. Paul—

SOLO 3: Buddha—

SOLO 4: St. John—

SOLO 5: St. Theresa—

SOLO 6: St. Francis of Assisi!

CHORUS: Poets and patriots tend a tree of liberty—

SOLO 7: Washington—

SOLO 1: Whittier—

SOLO 8: Bolivar—

SOLO 9: Jefferson—

SOLO 1: Whitman—

SOLO 10: Sun Yat Sen!

CHORUS: Name them Jew or name them Gentile
In this lofty company;

Name them Negro, Oriental,
In this great society;
Name them Indian, Caucasian,
Through whom God His wonders wrought,
So that from the void, the darkness,
The young child's gifts were brought.

A: A child is born!

B: An American child is born—

SOLO 1: In West Virginia—

SOLO 2: North Carolina—

SOLO 3: Illinois—

SOLO 4: In old Rhode Island—

SOLO 5: Fertile Georgia—

SOLO 6: Arkansas—

SOLO 7: Connecticut—

CHORUS In corn-rich Iowa—

SOLO 1: Among the dreaming bayous of old Louisiana—

CHORUS: In Nebraska—Missouri—

CHORUS: In Michigan, the lake land—

SOLO 2: And where great New York State
Sweeps from Canada toward the sea.

CHORUS: A child is born!

A: A white child—

B: A brown child—

A: An Oriental—

B: An Indian child—

CHORUS: An American child is born!

A: Heir to all the ages—

B: Hope of worlds to be—

ALL: Grant, O our America,
This child's great legacy!

11

TWO PLAYS

"At home we have some wood carvings from Ireland," says Michael.

"I can bring an Italian passport to school," adds Tony.

Louise says, "My grandmother makes cookies with a wooden cooky cutter that she brought from Germany."

And the teacher asks, "How would you like to have an exhibition of home treasures?" Experience proves that this idea has a tendency to take root and to grow like Jack's beanstalk. Climbing into new thought-worlds by the ladder it provides, the little Jacks and Janes in the schoolrooms of America will find, not an evil giant, but a friendly realm of common interests and shared knowledge. A large table presently displays books in French, Gaelic, Hebrew; letters written in Italian, Russian, German; salt from the mines of Poland; petrified wood from Arizona; dishes from England, Italy, America; shamrocks from Ireland; pine cones from Washington; a newspaper from Edinburgh; coins, minerals, tree bark, wood carvings.

On a basis of interest and study such as this home-treasures exhibit provides, the following plays were created. One play dramatizes the story of wood carvings; the other makes of the potter's art a key to intercultural education.

A. CONVERSATION AT LUNCH

SCENE: *A dining room.*

CHARACTERS: MOTHER
BUZZ (WALTER)
GUPPY (SHELDON)
BING (TOM)

(GUPPY *and* BING *stroll in from left.* GUPPY *is whistling a lively tune; he tosses a baseball glove into a corner and walks over to his chair at the table where he remains standing. He looks approvingly at the food.* BING *lays his schoolbooks on the shelves and then joins* GUPPY. BUZZ *comes tearing in from right.*)

BUZZ: I'm as hungry as a billy goat.

GUPPY: Are you hungry enough to eat the tablecloth? That's what a hungry goat does when he sees one hanging on the wash line.

(BUZZ *picks up his plate, turns it over, and examines it closely.*)

BING: Look, Guppy, he's going to eat his plate. He *must* be hungry!

GUPPY: He *is* going to eat it! Jimminy!

BUZZ: What's all the excitement about? I'm only studying geography.

GUPPY *and* BING: What! Geography!

BUZZ: Well, *maybe* I mean history.

(GUPPY *and* BING *exchange glances.*)

BUZZ: Let me see—(*Reaches for* GUPPY's *plate.*)

GUPPY: Oh no, you don't. I want my plate, if you don't mind.

(GUPPY *and* BING *grab their plates and hide them.* BUZZ *picks up another plate and studies it.* MOTHER *enters right carrying a pitcher of milk which she places on the table.*)

MOTHER: What in the world are you boys doing with the dishes? Terrible manners you have! Walter, put that plate down, please. Sheldon, where is your plate? Tom, what are you doing? Put those things back in their proper places instantly!

(GUPPY *and* BING *giggle.*)

BUZZ: (*In a disappointed tone as he replaces the plate.*) Made in Buffalo!

(ALL *sit down and a silent grace is said.*)

BING: Buzz says he is studying his geography and history from the bottom of that plate.

(*They unfold their napkins and* MOTHER *begins to serve.*)

BUZZ: It must be the wrong page—or the wrong plate. The teacher told us it would say DRESDEN if it was really fine china, or perhaps WEDGWOOD or LIMOGES.

MOTHER: (*Exasperated.*) And I suppose our dishes are no good because they say Buffalo china!

BUZZ: No, she said ordinary dishes were all right, especially if there were lots of boys in the family.

(BUZZ *pours milk from a pitcher, serving each one.*)

MOTHER: The teacher is right. I wouldn't want fine French china cracked and chipped by rough handling. Buffalo china will do nicely until you have a little more sense—except perhaps at Christmastime or on birthdays. Then I'll set the table with my good dishes.

(ALL *begin to eat.* BING *passes the bread.*)

BUZZ: Mother, are our good dishes famous?

MOTHER: What do you mean, Walter?

BUZZ: I mean are they from Dresden, Germany, or from Staffordshire in England, or where are they from?

MOTHER: Well, we'll look them over after lunch.

GUPPY: Since when have you taken an interest in dishes, Buzz?

BUZZ: Oh, it isn't just dishes. I'm interested in *ceramics.*

GUPPY: Whee-ew! That's a ten-dollar word.

BING: Ceramics! That's big talk all right. Reminds me of Jimmy Mathers.[1]

GUPPY: You ought to hear Smitty[1] and Professor Lusher.[1]

BING: What does that word "ceramics" mean, Buzz?

BUZZ: It means china pigs and tigers and shepherdesses and vases and dishes—all the things the potters make. Porcelain things —that's what I'm interested in.

(BING *jumps up from the table and runs to the bookshelves.*)

MOTHER: Tommy, don't jump up from the table like that! It's bad manners.

BING: Excuse me, please, everybody. I have to catch up with Buzz's vocabulary. How do you spell that "porcy" word?

BUZZ: Porcelain! *P-o-r-* Find *p-o-r-*

BING: *P-o-r, p-o-r, p-o-r*— I have it! *P-o-r-* What's the rest of it, Buzz?

BUZZ: *P-o-r-c*—

BING: Here it is (*Reads.*) "Porcelain—very fine earthenware; china. Teacups are often made of porcelain." You win!

(BING *replaces dictionary and* GUPPY *passes his plate for a second helping.*)

GUPPY: (*Giving a spluttering sound to the letter* P *in each word.*) May I have some more *p*-eas and *p*-otatoes on my *p*-orcelain *p*-late, *p*-lease? (MOTHER *serves* GUPPY *a second time as* BOYS *laugh at his joke.*)

BUZZ: I read a story about a man who lived in France long ago. His name was Bernard Palissy.

GUPPY: Bernard *P*-alissy?

BUZZ: At first he was a glass painter.

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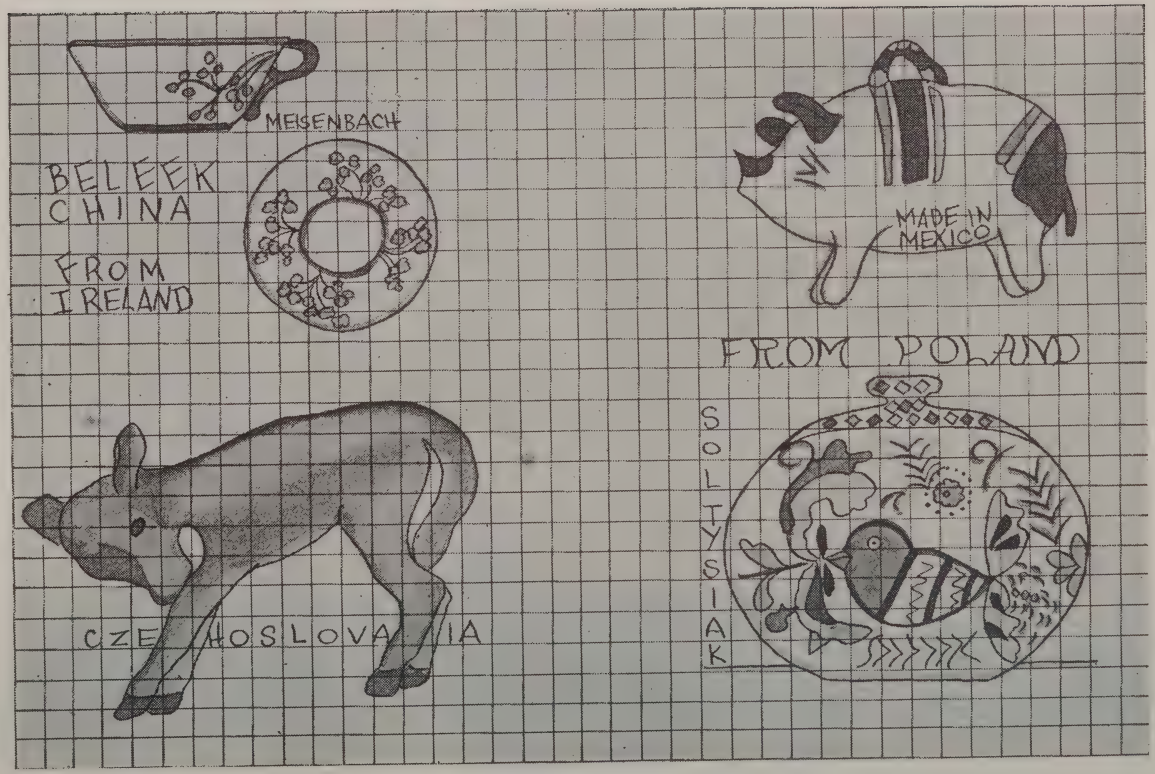
[1] Substitute names of local dictionary-swallowers.



Home treasures in ceramics.

GUPPY *and* BING: (Softly.) *P*-ainter.

BUZZ: Pipe down! (BOYS *pantomime "p-ipe."*) Bernard Palissy was a glass painter but after a while he wanted to learn the secret of making porcelain. He made cups and bowls out of clay and then he baked them in an oven, but he just couldn't get them right. He tried and he tried and he tried, but still he couldn't get them right. They would crumble or else they wouldn't have a nice gloss to them. They just weren't right. He had to keep the oven fire very hot for these experiments and after a while he couldn't afford to buy any more wood. Do you know what he did?

MOTHER: Don't tell me he burned up the furniture!

BUZZ: He did! That's *exactly* what he did—first a chair, then a table, then the floor, and last of all the *front door!*

MOTHER: I'm glad it wasn't my door.

BUZZ: But he finally had success with the dishes. They were beautiful. The king of France and all the rich nobles came to Bernard Palissy when they heard about it. They said, "I wish to order a complete set of dishes for the King's table—white china decorated with blue and gold." Or, "A pair of handsome vases for the Queen, Mr. Palissy." Or, "Some little porcelain figures for my mantelpiece, potter." He was called the Potter of the Tuileries.

GUPPY: What does "Tuileries" mean?

BUZZ: That was a great park or garden around the Palace of the Tuileries in Paris. Bernard Palissy was invited to have his pottery works there. He became very famous, and rich, too. French china is wonderful, they say.

BING: Buzz, you're smart. That's what I always say—"My brother is smart."

BUZZ: (*Accepting the compliment nonchalantly.*) The best story of all was the one I read about a young man named Johann

Friedrich Böttger. He lived in Germany—oh, somewhere around the eighteenth century. Was it? Yes, it was. That's when they wore the white powdered wigs, wasn't it? Well, Böttger was always working in his little shop—experimenting with chemicals. He liked to do that. After a while the people in his village began to talk about him. They said, "He's making gold, that's what he's doing, making gold out of other metals. He's a smart boy." The king heard about it and he ordered Johann Friedrich Böttger to come to his palace and make gold for him. He promised to give him a fine set of rooms to live in, a servant to wait on him, and all the money he needed for his experiments. But Böttger didn't want to go to the palace.

GUPPY: He didn't! Why not? What more did he want?

BUZZ: Oh, it wasn't that. He didn't want anything more, but you see he didn't know how to make gold out of other metals. Nobody can do that and he was afraid the king would get furious and perhaps cut his head off. Some of the rulers were like that in those days—"Do as I say or it's off with your head!"

MOTHER: My goodness, it sounds like the Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*. She was always saying, *"Off with their heads!"*

GUPPY: How did it turn out?

BUZZ: Oh, it turned out all right. Böttger had a bright idea. He said, "Your Highness, permit me to experiment with porcelain-making. All Europe is trying to make fine porcelain. It would be wonderful if we could discover the secret."

The king gave Böttger permission to try experiments along this line, although he really didn't think much of the idea. So Böttger set to work and—

BING: And so we have German porcelain.

BUZZ: Oh, no, it wasn't as easy as that. He worked, and he worked, and he worked, and he failed, and he failed, and—

BING: And he failed!

BUZZ: He began to think he'd lose his head after all. Now this is where the wig comes in.

GUPPY: Of course, that's where a wig comes—on the head! (BOYS *laugh.*)

BUZZ: One day Böttger's servant came into the room with his master's white wig freshly powdered. Böttger noticed that it had been powdered with a special kind of white clay. He ordered some clay like that to be brought to him so that he could examine it. It turned out to be *kaolin,* and kaolin produces the finest kind of porcelain. Then they discovered that there were great deposits of this clay around Dresden. To make a long story longer—they opened potteries at Dresden and later at Meissen and to this day Dresden is famous for porcelain.

BING: And Johann Friedrich Böttger saved his head!

GUPPY: And the king got rich!

MOTHER: That's an interesting story, Walter. Now I'll show you our best porcelain.

(*They have by this time finished their lunch. They fold their napkins, rise, and walk over to the china shelves where the* MOTHER *picks up a plate.*)

MOTHER: See, this is English china—Staffordshire,[2] it is marked, and it came from the part of England where Josiah Wedgwood had his potteries. He was a master craftsman who hated any imperfect work so much that, they say, when he found a piece in his factory which was not up to his standard he would break it to pieces with his stick. (*Replaces plate and picks up a jar.*) This is a Dresden china strawberry jar, a jam jar.[2] It comes from Germany. Aunt Tillie brought it

[2] You may substitute any interesting pieces of china for the ones mentioned here.

to me for a present when she came back from Europe two years ago. (*Dutch tile is held up.*) Tiles are beautiful, too. Here is one from the Netherlands with a little Dutch girl on it.

BING: We made tiles when we were in primary school.

GUPPY: Yes, with Egyptian designs on them. But ours weren't baked in an oven.

BING: There are tiles above the fireplace in the Children's Library.

BUZZ: And in our bathroom, too.

MOTHER: (*Picking up a small porcelain pig.*) Little figures belong to the potter's art. Here is one from Mexico, a pig with blue ears.

(BOYS *touch its nose and ears and laugh.*)

BING: What about Italy?

MOTHER: The Italian potters make lovely things. Here is something from Italy, a Della Robbia *bambino*. And Miss Moss brought this cup and saucer from Ireland. It is called Belleek ware.

BUZZ: Look at the shamrock design on it!

GUPPY: I never paid any attention to these dishes before.

BING: Neither did I!

BUZZ: What's the red one?

MOTHER: That comes from Flemington, New Jersey, where there is an old pottery place. They make beautiful things there and it isn't far from home.

GUPPY: And what about Buffalo?

MOTHER: Well, these everyday dishes of ours are not very special —just strong and useful. When you learn more about porcelain you will be able to judge which are the finest kinds. It is something like knowing good music and great paintings.

BUZZ: It's hard to decide which country makes the most beautiful pottery.

MOTHER: They all make lovely things—just as people all over the world make wonderful wood carvings and beautiful glass.

BUZZ: Or paint pictures!

GUPPY: Or compose music!

BING: Or know about architecture—cathedrals, you know, and temples and fine public buildings—the Lincoln Memorial, Cologne Cathedral, and the Taj Mahal.

BUZZ: I guess people all over the world get ideas from each other and teach each other things.

GUPPY: The Chinese teach us things and we teach the Chinese other things.

BING: We copied ideas from the ancient Greeks and Egyptians.

BUZZ: And we make discoveries that other people in the world want to copy.

MOTHER: Oh, certainly. The arts and crafts and sciences belong to all the world, just as the sun and moon and stars shine for all the earth. It doesn't make any difference to the sun whether you are French or Italian or Indian or Irish or Japanese, or whether your skin is white or brown or yellow. The sun just shines away with all his might making your gardens grow and making you warm and healthy. And the great ideas of the world are like that, like the sun. They shine for all the world to see.

GUPPY: You mean the ideas for music and painting and science?

MOTHER: Exactly!

BING: And ideas for buildings?

MOTHER: Yes, of course.

BUZZ: And ceramics!

GUPPY: Oh yes, don't forget the *p*-orcelain made by the *p*-otters, *p*-lease!

MOTHER: Now you're off again! Suppose you help me to clear the table before you break out in a rash of foolishness.

(*Exit* BING. *Whistling, the* BOYS *begin to gather up the dishes.* BING *returns with four aprons which he distributes.*)

BING: Don't do any dishwashing without an apron!

MOTHER: Well, I'm glad you thought of them, Tom. Here, let me tie yours for you.

(MOTHER *ties* BING'S apron strings while BUZZ *and* GUPPY *assist each other.*)

BING: That was a good conversation we had at lunch, wasn't it, Mother?

MOTHER: Yes, I enjoyed it.

BING: It's true, you *can* study geography and history from a plate—Dresden, Germany; Staffordshire, England; Flemington, New Jersey—(*Exit* GUPPY.) Josiah Wedgwood, Bernard Palissy, Johann Friedrich Böttger!

MOTHER: Oh, it's a grand way to study.

(GUPPY *has by this time carried some dishes out. Off stage is heard a crash as a plate is broken.*)

BUZZ: (*Striking a tragicomic pose.*) *Was made* in Buffalo!

(GUPPY *returns with the broken plate. He looks very mournful.*)

GUPPY: It slipped, Mother, it slipped right out of my hands.

BUZZ: Butterfingers!

GUPPY: As if you never broke anything!

MOTHER: Well, it's too bad, but don't worry about it, son; I know you didn't mean to do it. It will have to go into the ash can now.

GUPPY: Poor old plate!

BING: (*Speaking of the Mexican pig.*) I'm glad it wasn't you, little pig.

MOTHER: And I'm very glad it wasn't the Dresden china strawberry jar that Aunt Tillie brought me from Germany.

(BING *picks up the iron doorstop cat and holds it in his arms.*)

BUZZ: Hurry up, kids, we'll be late for school.

(*Exit* ALL *carrying dishes.*)

Stage Properties

Things you will need for this play: table with cloth and 4 napkins; 4 chairs; iron doorstop cat; cabinet for best dishes; shelf or table for books, including a dictionary; four aprons; baseball glove or roller skates for GUPPY; books for BING.

Dishes used on the table: 4 dinner plates; 4 bread-and-butter plates; 4 glasses; 1 pitcher; 1 bread plate; 4 knives and forks; 2 tablespoons, 1 serving fork.

Food: *boiled rice* will look like mashed potatoes and will retain whiteness when cold; *chopped prunes* or *apricots* will look like a vegetable and will be nice to eat; *sliced veal loaf* can be eaten easily; *bread and butter; a pitcher of milk.*

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B. WHEN GOOD FRIENDS MEET

Grades Four to Six
Two scenes in one interior
Simple properties
Twenty characters (or more, or less)
- Three girls
- Four boys
- The Blue Fairy
- Toys that come alive:
  - Pinocchio
  - A troll
  - Three Matrioshki dolls
  - Two anvil-boys and bearers
  - Squirrel

FOREWORD

This material should be adapted to the talents and interests of the children presenting it. If you wish to include other characters and other wood carvings, ask the girls and boys to write additional dialogue. For example, introduce wood sculpture from China, India, or Africa. In its present form "When Good Friends Meet" will play for about forty minutes. The time may be lengthened or shortened by cutting or elaborating the story. Where it is not possible to have songs, recitations, and writing in the original Italian, German, Russian, and Hebrew, the class may substitute English translations, or use victrola records.

Costumes may be carefully worked out, a project in themselves, or the merest suggestion of costuming will serve the purpose of the play. Squirrel must wear the wood carver's initials—J.A.M.—somewhere about him. The Matrioshki dolls must be of three sizes. Troll wears a long white beard. The fairy has blue hair.

ACTIVITIES RELATED TO THIS PLAY

1. Make a collection of wood carvings—figures, bowls, boxes, eating utensils.
2. Make a wood-carving picture map, placing the famous figures in the lands where they were first carved.
3. Find out all you can about Madame Tussaud's Waxworks in London.
4. Arrange a program of folk dances of many lands.
5. Play the "Peer Gynt" music on the victrola.
6. Sing or recite in another language—in Italian, Chinese, Spanish, Hebrew, French, German.
7. Hold a Food Fair. Try to bring to school some Italian candy, Chinese cakes and nuts, Pennsylvania German shoo-fly pie, Russian food, Southern beaten biscuits, New England maple sugar.
8. Try your hand at soap carvings or wood carvings. Form a soap carving class.
9. Make a study of Russian design and then plan costumes for the Russian dolls in three sizes.
10. Pinocchio's suit was made out of wallpaper by Gepetto, the poor carver who shaped him out of a block of wood. Make some designs for wallpaper and then sketch costumes suitable for Pinocchio.
11. The little Swiss music box in this play has a flower design carved on the lid. Make designs for boxes, trays, plates, book covers.
12. Plan a costume for the Blue Fairy.

Scene I

A living room, schoolroom, or clubroom. At stage right you will need a table, three chairs, and a stool. Draw a large map of Europe and place it on an easel on the left side of the stage, but first put several large sheets of white paper under the map. Place a stool beside the easel. A bookshelf with a stool beside it may be set at the backstage center. At stage left and right, in the rear, place screens. They will be useful in Scene II. On the shelves and

on the table place books, wood carvings, and soap carvings. You will need—

several soap carvings and some tools
one cake of soap still in its wrappings
a wooden troll
a music box
a set of wooden dolls from Russia
carved chickens on a stand
a nest of wooden balls
anvil-boys on sliding sticks
Pinocchio—a wooden figure
Christmas "snow" for the Blue Fairy.

Three girls and three boys are discovered on the stage as the play begins. LOUISE *arranges the soap carvings on the table, fixes the bookshelves, brings out a wastebasket from behind a screen.* MARIE, *seated at the table, is busily carving.* TERRY, *on the stool beside the easel, is tearing a wrapper off a cake of soap—slowly so that he speaks as the soap is completely uncovered.* DAVID, at *the table, is putting the finishing touches on a soap figure.* ALAN, *on the stool beside the bookshelves, whistles as he hacks away at the first stages of a soap carving.* ESTHER, *kneeling in front of the bookshelves, is looking at the books and carvings. Enter, at stage left,* STEVE *who looks about for a moment and then declaims in the manner of a circus barker:*

STEVE: Hmmmmm! Madame Tussaud's Waxworks! La-a-deez and gentlemen, an imitation of the famous London Waxworks Show is brought to you by those clever sculptors, the Madison School Soap Society.[3] Here we observe the Sleeping Beauty! (*He holds up any available soap figure—an elephant, a dog, a fish.*) You can almost see her breathe! And here

[3] Use any local name.

(*with a wide gesture covering the whole display*) we see assembled the il-l-lus-s-strious characters of his-s-stor-r-ry and leg-end! Admission to Madame Tussaud's Soap Works onlie-e-e one shilling, sixpence!

(ALL *laugh.* ALAN *whistles on undisturbed by this outburst.*)

TERRY: (*Throwing wrappings on the floor.*) A-a-ah! A nice fresh cake of soap!

LOUISE: (*Pushing the basket forward.*) Here, Terry, throw that paper into the wastebasket. And those soap parings too, Alan.

TERRY: (*Scrambling after the paper and still admiring the soap.*) A lovely, beautiful, fresh cake of soap! And I once thought that all it was good for was dirty necks.

MARIE: That's because you never did your share of dishwashing.

DAVID: Didn't you ever blow soap bubbles, Terry?

(LOUISE *sits on the stool at the end of the table and begins to carve.* STEVE *strolls around examining everything curiously.*)

ALAN: Why don't you try your hand at soap-carving, Steve, since you are so fond of Madame Tussaud's Show?

STEVE: Well, maybe I will. Is it hard?

ALAN: Hard enough.

DAVID: The hardest part is carving faces.

STEVE: Maybe I could cut out a fish. It doesn't have much of a face.

TERRY: I think I'll specialize in elephants.

ESTHER: Horses for me!

DAVID: And Indian heads for me!

MARIE: Then they'll begin to call you Indian Head Dave.

LOUISE: Yes, like Donkey John of the Toy Valley. Did you ever read that story?

DAVID: No, what is it?

LOUISE: Well, there was a boy named John who lived in the Tyrol and he learned the craft of wood-carving. All the village people were famous for making toys. Some families made wooden horses—just nothing but wooden horses, others made dolls, and some made wagon wheels—just wagon wheels. John got to be famous for his donkeys so they called him Donkey John. There is a book about him—*Donkey John of the Toy Valley.*

ALAN: (*Putting aside his work and picking up a wood carving from the bookshelves.*) I wish I could carve as well as the Swiss people do. Look at this dwarf with the long white beard. It's carved out of one piece of wood. Let's call him Doc.

ESTHER: (*Who has been sitting on the floor in front of the bookshelves reading, now takes a little music box from its shelf and walks out to the front of the stage.*) And look at this box with the edelweiss flowers carved on it—a little Swiss music box!

STEVE: Let's see it. Who brought it here? I never saw it before. I never saw that dwarf before either.

LOUISE: My grandmother brought them from Switzerland a long time ago. She said I could bring them to the soap-carving class today.

ALAN: (*Coming forward.*) Does the box play a tune?

ESTHER: Yes, listen. (*She winds it up and plays the tune twice only.*)

TERRY: That's a neat little thing all right. I wish I had one.

LOUISE: How do you like these Russian wood carvings that Esther brought in? See this doll! (*She picks up Matrioshki doll from the table.*) Maybe you think that's one doll. Well, it isn't. (*She opens them in turn and sets them in a row.*)

ESTHER: And sometimes there are as many as fifty to a set, from the grandmother two feet high to the smallest one scarcely one inch tall.

(ALL *exclaim.* TERRY *walks over to table.*)

STEVE: I wonder who ever invented that.

DAVID: (*Putting his work down and stepping forward.*) Oh, some wood carver in a Russian village hundreds of years ago, no doubt. Here's another Russian toy. (*He twirls the chickens-on-a-stand.*) Every chicken is hand-carved. See them eat the corn?

MARIE: (*Running forward.*) Oh, let me try that.

DAVID: Take it slowly, like this, see?

TERRY: (*Who has been playing with a nest of balls at the table, comes forward.*) How many balls have I in my hand, ladies and gentlemen?

STEVE: Oh, a million, I guess.

ALAN: Let's see, Terry. Why one, of course.

TERRY: You are both wrong. The exact number is . . . (*Give the number of balls in the set.*) Watch me carefully, everybody. (*He opens them in turn and gives each person a ball, repeating with seconds if necessary.*) Just another bright idea from Russia!

(*Cries of* "That's neat!"—"Pretty good!"—"Let me try it!")

MARIE: Did you bring us any other Russian carvings, Esther?

ESTHER: Yes, look at this. (*Works the sliding sticks causing the boys to strike an anvil.*)

STEVE: I guess the Russian wood carvings are about the funniest in the world.

MARIE: They're pretty comical and I like them but I know something else very funny that was carved out of wood and it didn't come from Russia. It came from Italy.

STEVE: (*Tapping his forehead.*) Something very funny that came from Italy and was carved out of wood! Now let me think—what could it be?

MARIE: It's not *it,* it's *he.*[4] And he's right here in this room.

STEVE: What is it? I give up.

MARIE: Everybody give up?

ALL: I do! I do! I do!

MARIE: The answer is Pinocchio, the little puppet. (*Shows the figure or the book.*) My mother says that *Pinocchio* is an Italian story. She can read the book in Italian.

TERRY: She can! Well, it's lucky that somebody translated it into English so we can all read it.

MARIE: My mother says that the story of Pinocchio was written many years ago by an Italian gentleman named Carlo Lorenzini who lived in Florence. And what do you think he did when he began to write stories? He didn't want to use his real name so he took his first initial *C* for "Carlo," and then he took the name of the town where he was born, "Collodi," and there he had a pen name—C. Collodi! His best story was the one about the little wooden boy, Pinocchio. I just love Pinocchio and the fairy with blue hair!

STEVE: Blue hair!

MARIE: Yes, didn't you ever read the book? She was called the Blue Fairy and she worked magic. She rescued Pinocchio from some of his worst scrapes.

TERRY: (*Playfully showing Pinocchio the map of Italy.*) See, Pinocchio, there is your dear Italy by the blue Mediterranean Sea.

DAVE: I wish I could carve Pinocchio out of soap.

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[4] Use a Pinocchio figure or the book, or both.

MARIE: His long nose would break off before you had him finished.

DAVE: That's the trouble with soap. It cracks and splits.

LOUISE: It's still harder to work with wood. Donkey John of the Toy Valley practiced for more than two years before he could carve a donkey. First he had to learn to shape the block and smooth it on the bottom so that it would stand firmly. "Unless your block stands, your donkey won't," they used to tell him.

DAVE: Yes, they wobble and tumble over.

TERRY: And break their ears and smash their noses.

DAVE: I guess I'd use up a whole tree before I learned to carve a donkey.

ALAN: Are there any great wood carvers in America?

DAVE: I think there are. Don't you remember that day when the teacher opened the box that was sent to her through the mail? She unpacked a lot of wood carvings and she said they were made down in North Carolina in the mountains.

ALAN: Yes, one was a pig and one was a squirrel.

STEVE: Which do you like best—the Russian wood carvings, or the Swiss wood carvings, or the American wood carvings, or the German wood carvings, or the American Indian wood carvings?

ESTHER: Do the Indians make wood carvings?

DAVID: Oh yes, some of their images of the gods are carved from wood. And don't forget the totem poles.

TERRY: And don't forget the Irish wood carvings. Grandfather has a figure of an old man all carved out of one piece of wood. He brought it from Ireland.

ALAN: They have found very fine wood carvings in Africa. Did you know that? I read about it—saw the pictures too.

LOUISE: And my Aunt Rachel has two Chinese wood carvings. She bought them in San Francisco and they cost fifty dollars. They're very old.

DAVE: Whee-ew! Seems as if people in every country carve wood.

STEVE: Yes, but you haven't answered my question yet. Which wood carvings do you like best?

ALAN: That's a hard question. They're all nice. They're different and yet they're the same.

DAVID: Yes, you can't answer that question exactly, Steve. It's like trying to decide which music is the best in the world—the music of Germany, or the music of Italy, or the music of Ireland, or the music of Africa, or the music of America.

TERRY: I like it all.

MARIE: Which paintings are the best, the Italian, or the French, or the American, or the Oriental?

ALAN: Or the pictures painted by white artists, or Chinese artists, or Negro artists?

DAVID: You can't decide things that way. It all depends on how good the painting is—or the music, or the wood carving.

LOUISE: We have a stack of records for our victrola and you can't decide which is the best. Paderewski is a Polish musician, and Mendelssohn is German, and Brahms is German, and most of the operas are by Italian composers.

TERRY: I don't know so much about music. I like science—electrical things and chemistry. I guess Dr. Albert Einstein is about the biggest scientist in the whole world. Are we lucky to have him for one of our citizens! Score a thousand for our side! You can't beat the U.S.A.

ESTHER: Well, we mustn't be conceited about it. It sounds like boasting.

TERRY: Boasting or no boasting, you'll have to credit us with Dr. Einstein, and with Thomas A. Edison, the electrical wiz-

ard, and Dr. George Washington Carver, the great Negro scientist. I've read about him. He was a wonder! Score another thousand for the U.S.A.!

ESTHER: I still think you're bragging, Terry, but it's pretty wonderful the way our country has people from every land and they've brought lots of good ideas with them.

STEVE: (*Jokingly.*) And some very nice wood carvings!

ESTHER: (*Seriously.*) Yes, wood carvings, and songs, and dances, and good foods—

STEVE: Did you say good foods! Oh boy, am I hungry! Marie, I wish that Blue Fairy of yours would appear and work some of her magic. I'd like to see a small hill of mashed potatoes with a bubbling brook of gravy running down the side, and I'd like to see some spinach, and—

TERRY: And some stewed tomatoes!

ALAN: And lima beans!

DAVID: And ask the Blue Fairy to make a good dessert appear.

LOUISE: And suppose *we* disappear. It's time to go home. No wonder we're hungry.

STEVE: Hurry up, fellows!

TERRY: We want to have time for a game.

DAVID: O.K.!

ESTHER: You're coming to my house for lunch tomorrow, you know, Louise.

LOUISE: Oh yes, won't that be fun!

(ALAN whistles a tune. MARIE *sets books in order. Then exeunt omnes. They leave Pinocchio slumped on a chair which is pulled out toward the center of the stage. The troll stands on the top of the bookshelf; the music box is on the table; the Russian dolls are lying on the floor near the screens at stage right and the*

sliding sticks with the anvil-boys are tumbled on the floor beside the screens at stage left. The lights are dimmed because evening is coming. When all is still the BLUE FAIRY *appears moving lightly across the stage. She looks fondly at the wooden toys.*)

BLUE FAIRY: Softly the shadows of evening fall,
Softly blue twilight descends on you all.
Little Pinocchio, brother of mine,
Sweet Russian dolls of quaint old design,
Dear funny Troll with beard white and long,
Gay little music box singing a song—

(*Opens and closes the lid and the music plays again.*)

Over the roads of the land and the sea
You've traveled from many a far countree.
Wherever you go there is laughter and fun
From the rise of the moon to the set of the sun.
Now a magic I'll work through these evening hours.
Lo, I scatter abroad the dust of the stars!

(*She scatters Christmas "snow" and, moving softly, gathers up the scattered dolls, laughs, and puts them behind the screen. She finds the anvil-boys, and sprinkles the magic flakes over them, then puts them behind the other screens. Again she goes to the table and lifts the lid of the music box. As the music plays the* BLUE FAIRY *glides away.*)

CURTAIN

Scene II

The scene is the same except that the toys have become life-sized. PINOCCHIO, *slumped over the back of a chair, slowly awak-*

ens and begins to sing an Italian song.[5] *The lights brighten.* PINOCCHIO *looks around in a puzzled way, searches for his book, and stares at the illustrations. The* TROLL, *who has been sitting on the top of the bookshelves with his back to the audience, turns around and calls a greeting to* PINOCCHIO *in four languages:*

TROLL: English—*Hello!*
French—*Bon jour!*
German—*Wie geht's!*
Italian—*Alo!*

(PINOCCHIO *answers in Italian.*)

TROLL: So that's it! Italian is your language. I tried English, German, and French on you, too.

PINOCCHIO: Well, now that I am fully awake I can understand you in English—or French, if you prefer it—or German, or Hungarian, Polish, Danish, Spanish, Russian. But, of course, Italian is my native tongue and when I first wake up I *always* think I am still in Italy. Where are we, do you happen to know?

TROLL: In America.

PINOCCHIO: In America! Well, well, we do get around, don't we, grandfather? Where is your native land?

TROLL: I came from Switzerland. That's how I happen to know several languages—French for the French side of Switzerland, Italian for the Italian border, German for the German side, and English for all the Americans and British people who come to the Playground of the World. (*He climbs down and goes to the easel.*) Just as I thought—a map. Let's see whether we can find our dear old homelands.

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[5] Use any Italian song known to the children or see the Italian version of "Funiculi Funicula," *Folk Songs of Many Lands,* by Grace Castagnetta and Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1938, p. 45. (*See also* p. 173 of this book.)

(PINOCCHIO *climbs up on the stool; the* TROLL *stands in front of the map.*)

TROLL: Here you are, puppet.

PINOCCHIO: (*Stiffly.*) Pinocchio is the name.

TROLL: Well, here you are, Pinocchio, here is Italy, the land of your birth.

PINOCCHIO: (*Impatiently.*) Yes, I know what it looks like. I have studied geography, grandfather. Italy is a pink country.

TROLL: (*Gruffly.*) So is South America sometimes, and so is California, and so is New Jersey. You can't tell by the color of the map.

PINOCCHIO: (*Clapping his hands to his ears in distress.*) Please, please, please, don't make it so hard. When I have learned a thing one way I don't like to change my mind. Italy is a pink country; therefore a pink country is Italy. Isn't that easy to remember?

TROLL: The truth is not always as easy as that.

PINOCCHIO: Well, I know what I like to believe and what I like to believe is going to be true. Show me where you were born, grandfather.

TROLL: Right here in these mountains of Switzerland, but our family is known all through the north lands—in Norway and Sweden and Finland and Denmark. Did you ever hear of Peer Gynt and the trolls? They lived in Norway. Their story is known all over the world.

PINOCCHIO: Exactly like me! My story is known all over the world too. I don't like to boast, grandfather, but I'm quite a famous fellow. I'm an Italian classic. Do you know what a classic is? I looked it up in the dictionary and what do you suppose it said? "Classic—excellent; of the first class." Well, that's certainly true. I have been translated into many languages, including the Scandinavian.

TROLL: And I suppose you have traveled in pink countries and green countries all over the world.

PINOCCHIO: True! True!

(*He begins to sing his song again.*)

TROLL: Here's a little music box from my country. Let's have a tune.

(TROLL *winds up the music box and as it begins to play he and* PINOCCHIO *hop and skip about the room. As their improvised dance comes to a close the Russian* DOLLS *appear from behind the screen and call out,* "Hello, Pinocchio.")

PINOCCHIO: Oh, hello! (*To* TROLL.) These are the Matrioshki dolls from Russia, grandfather. We've been friends for a long time. They crossed the ocean in a big ship and landed in New York. This is Sasha, this is Sonya, and this is Olga.

(DOLLS *bow as their names are spoken.*)

Matrioshki dolls.

TROLL: Three of you! Well, you will never be lonesome.

SASHA: Sometimes there are ten of us in a row.

SONYA: Sometimes there are twenty of us in a row.

OLGA: Sometimes there are fifty of us in a row.

TROLL: Fifty! My splinters! Think of that! Now what is your name? And yours? And yours? (DOLLS *answer.*) Well, Sasha, Sonya, and Olga, won't you do an old troll a favor and sing a pretty Russian song?

SASHA: Yes, troll.

SONYA: Certainly, troll.

OLGA: Of course, troll.

ALL: This is a Russian tune.

(*They sing,*[6] *after which* TROLL *and* PINOCCHIO *applaud heartily.*)

PINOCCHIO: Have you seen Benjamin and Boris around here anywhere? Maybe I only dreamt I saw them.

SASHA: No, they are here.

SONYA: I'll go call them.

OLGA: Come, Boris and Benjamin.

SASHA: We are having fun.

SONYA: You must come too.

OLGA: They are coming.

(BOYS *on rail enter carried on the shoulders of four bearers. They are striking their hammers on the anvil.*)

BORIS *and* BENJAMIN: "Bang! Bang! Bang!" goes the hammer on the anvil! Hello, we've just arrived from Russia.

PINOCCHIO: That's not true. You've been here in America many a day. You're just fooling.

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[6] Use the music of the "Russian Hymn," by Alexis von Lwoff (same as "Hail Pennsylvania"), or use the "Vesper Hymn" air (*Ju bi la te!*). Try to write words of your own for one of these tunes.

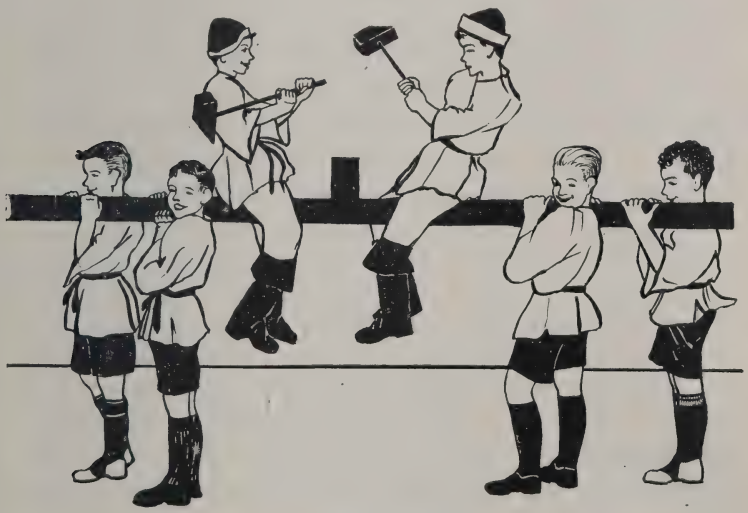
BORIS *and* BENJAMIN: So we are! So we are! We haven't forgotten how to do a Russian dance, though.

(*They dismount and the bearers, after laying the rail on the floor, go off.*)

RUSSIAN DANCE[7]

PINOCCHIO: (*Importantly.*) Now I will teach you an Italian dance—the Tarantella. I am quite a remarkable teacher. I once went to school myself. I don't like to sound boastful but I'm in a book! My name is on the cover in gold letters—PINOCCHIO. You'll find me in all the best libraries and in many schoolrooms.

[7] Members of the class may volunteer to do a Russian dance. If they do not, see "Kamarinskaia," in *Folk Dances and Singing Games,* edited by Elizabeth Burchenal, G. Schirmer, New York, 1933.



Anvil boys.

OLGA: Oh, Pinocchio, you are just as boastful as ever!

SONYA: Poor Pinocchio, how you brag! You were always running away from school, you know very well.

SASHA: You even had donkey ears once!

PINOCCHIO: (*Ruefully.*) Girls, girls, please don't remind me of those unfortunate things.

BORIS: Did I read something about a blockhead somewhere once?

PINOCCHIO: (*Hurt.*) People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. And wooden friends should not play with fire.

TROLL: Well spoken, little puppet.

SASHA: Don't be angry, Pinocchio.

SONYA: We were always your friends.

OLGA: We always have a good time with you.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, it's true. I have behaved like a blockhead many a time. I always like things to be easy. I like to eat delicious foods—that's easy. Do you enjoy macaroni, grandfather, macaroni with lots of grated cheese on it? And meat balls covered with tomato sauce? And Italian cakes and candies? Now all such things I find very pleasant.

BORIS: Then you would no doubt like our Russian soup—borscht.

PINOCCHIO: Yes, I should, I know I should. I love American ice cream and chocolate sodas and corn on the cob too, don't you? (ALL *agree.*) But what a blockhead I was about school! I said to myself, "Today I will learn to read; tomorrow I will learn to write; and the next day I will learn my numbers." I was quite surprised to find that I had to work many days and many weeks and many months in order to become educated. Real boys and girls learn many things, don't they?—geography—and soap carving—just look at these things! (*Regaining his old boastful manner.*) Well, I have studied geography too! I know how to find Italy on the map.

(*Voice of* SQUIRREL *off stage.*)

SQUIRREL: Do you know how to find North Carolina on the map? (*Enter* SQUIRREL.) Your friend the BLUE FAIRY invited me to come to the party, too. Let me introduce myself. I'm an American wood carving from Brasstown, North Carolina, U.S.A.

SASHA: Hello!

SONYA: How do you do, Mr. Squirrel.

OLGA: I'm very glad to meet another wooden friend.

BORIS: Hello, Bushy Tail.

PINOCCHIO: Have you any hickory nuts with you, Squirrely?

SQUIRREL: (*In a brisk squirrel manner.*) Not a single hickory nut, not a peanut, not an acorn. I'm very glad to meet you all. What are you — Pine, Ash, Birch, Maple, Walnut? (*Laughs.*) Sounds like a nut sundae, doesn't it—maple-walnut! I happen to be a Walnut myself—one of the best families, you know.

(TROLL *says,* "Tut! Tut! Another Pinocchio, I'm afraid," *and walks away. The others gaze admiringly at* SQUIRREL.)

PINOCCHIO: (*Who has been staring at the monogram on* SQUIRREL'S *suit.*) Did your suit come with initials on it, or did you have to sew them on?

SQUIRREL: Oh, you mean the J.A.M.?

PINOCCHIO: Yes, very stylish.

SASHA: Like the ladies have—

SONYA: On their handbags—

OLGA: And their gold and silver pins!

PINOCCHIO: Maybe they aren't initials. Maybe they mean what they say—Jam! Blackberry jam, or strawberry jam! Maybe I could have M.A.C. sewed on my hat.

BORIS: But you're not Scottish, Pinocchio, and Mac is a Scottish name.

PINOCCHIO: But I don't mean Mac. I mean macaroni and cheese —M.A.C.—a very pleasant idea to me!

TROLL: Tut! Tut! Pinocchio, let's be serious.

PINOCCHIO: That's very serious when you're hungry.

SQUIRREL: (*Looking at his monogram.*) This J.A.M. stands for my wood carver's name. He always puts his initials on his carvings—like an artist signing a picture. Do you folks mind if I ask a few questions myself? Is it a fact that you can speak other languages like Italian and French and German and Russian?

BENJAMIN: I can read Hebrew—and write it too.

SQUIRREL: Can you, honestly?

PINOCCHIO: That's true, Squirrely, he can. And I can read and write Italian. Do you want to learn something right now, Squirrely? (*He goes over to the easel.*) Look, here is some white paper under the map. Now we'll have some fun! Hooray! (*He dashes around looking for a crayon.*) Here we are! Now watch this, Squirrely. (*Commenting as he goes along, he writes any words, phrases or sentences you may wish to use. A sample lesson in Italian is shown here.*)

PINOCCHIO'S LESSON

House	*Casa*
Tree	*Albero*
Cat	*Gatto*
Baby	*Bambino*
Mother	*Madre*
Father	*Padre*
Aunt	*Zia*
Uncle	*Zio*
Moon	*Luna*
Star	*Stella*
Ice cream	*Gelati*
Thank you	*Grazia*

BORIS: Very good, Professor Pinocchio! No one would ever believe that you once had a pair of donkey ears unless they read the truth in that book with your name on the cover.

PINOCCHIO: Will you please forget that unpleasant experience of mine? Here, Benjamin, show us how to write the Hebrew alphabet.

BENJAMIN: (*Taking the crayon.*) Now this isn't the easiest thing in the world, but I'll do my best.

BENJAMIN'S HEBREW LESSON

(*He writes part of the Hebrew alphabet, explaining it as he does so.*)

TROLL: Very scholarly! Very scholarly! A classic language, my boy. Let me congratulate you upon your knowledge of this ancient tongue.

BENJAMIN: Thank you.

BORIS: Let's write some Russian words now, Ben. What shall we give them first?

(*Together* BORIS *and* BENJAMIN *write the following words, commenting as they do so.*)

RUSSIAN LESSON

da	yes
kopek	a copper coin worth about ½¢
ruble	a silver coin worth about 50¢
caftan	a long belted coat
liulka	a Russian cradle
troïka	a three-horse sleigh
Marfa	a girl's name
Marfuska	little Marfa
skazki	Russian fairy tales

SASHA: What will you teach us, Troll?

SONYA: Please sing for us, Troll dear.

OLGA: Yes, sing for us, please.

TROLL: Thank you, I will. I'll sing a German song. I like to sing —or whistle. All dwarfs do.

Weißt du, wie viel Sterne ſtehen
Wilhelm Hey
Volksweiſe
„So viel Stern am Himmel ſtehen" 1823
Ruhig
p
1. Weißt du, wie viel Ster-ne ſte-hen an dem blau-en Him-mels-zelt?
Weißt du, wie viel Wol-ken ge-hen weit-hin ü-ber al-le Welt?

TROLL'S GERMAN SONG[8]

Weisst du wie viel Sterne stehen
An dem blauen Himmelszelt?
Weisst du wie viel Wolken gehen
Weit hinüber alle Welt?
Gott, der Herr, hat sie gezahlet
Dass ihm auch nicht eines fehlet
An der ganzen grossen Zahl
An der ganzen grossen Zahl.

(ALL *applaud. Cries of* "Good!"—"I like that!")

PINOCCHIO: And now let's dance the Tarantella![9]

(*Cries of* "Yes, yes, let's all dance!"—"How do you do it?"—"Oh, I can't dance!"—"Be my partner?")

PINOCCHIO: Come, everybody, form a circle! Come, Benjamin and Boris, and you too, Squirrely. Will you dance, grandfather? Come on, Sasha. Please, please, Sonya and Olga. Now we'll skip around in a circle to the left, then to the right. Ready? Go!

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[8] Or you may use one of the German songs in *Folk Songs of Many Lands,* by Castagnetta and Van Loon, *op. cit.*

[9] Directions and music for Tarantella may be found in *Folk Dances and Singing Games,* edited by Elizabeth Burchenal, *op. cit.*

(*The dance begins amid laughter from all the toys. As it progresses the curtains are slowly drawn. Behind the closed curtains the live toys are replaced by the wooden figures; the* BLUE FAIRY *takes her place on the stage, bending over the figure of Pinocchio slumped in a chair. Lights are dimmed; the curtains open again and close slowly; we hear the music box playing a tune.*)

THE END

PINOCCHIO'S SONG

Funiculi Funicula

Sta se ra ni na mia io son mon ta lo,
Te lo di ro, te lo di ro,
Co la do ve dio pet tiun cor in gra to
Piu far non puo, piu far non puo
Co la con cen te il fo co ma se fug gi
Ti la scia star, ti la scia star
E non ti cor re ap press oe non ti strug gi,
A ri guar dar, a ri guar dar,
Les ti, Les ti, Via, mon tiam su la
Les ti, Les ti, Via, mon tiam su la
Fu ni cu li, fu ni cu la, fu ni cu li, fu ni cu la,
Via, mon tiam su la,
Fu ni cu li, fu ni cu la.

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12

HALLOWE'EN

Making Masks

"Global" geography is making its contributions to the weird and the mysterious into which our minds make excursions upon occasion. From the land of the Aztecs to the island of New Guinea, around the world and back again, the archaeologist explores into the ways of man when making masks. From the East and the West, from the North and the South, from the Old World and the New, the artist brings us the pictured story of man's relationship to the sun and the rain, the thunderbolts and the harvest fields, as shown in the masks worn in ceremonial dances. Highly imaginative in conception and beautifully executed, they are art forms which give us a fascinating approach to the culture of the people who produce them. Who has not looked in wonderment at the mysterious Kachina dolls carved from the roots of the cottonwood tree by the Hopi Indians? Each doll represents one of the immense numbers of Hopi Kachinas, supernatural beings, kind, compassionate, and helpful. The Kachinas are personified during the ceremonial dances by men wearing elaborate colorful masks.

Hallowe'en masks created by school children can be made to serve as a springboard for a fascinating study of other lands and peoples.

To the ancient business of mask-making may now be added the black-out novelty. Along with glow-in-the-dark flowers for ladies' hair and phosphorescent buttons for coat lapels we may devise black-out masks for Hallowe'en. For this purpose secure a bottle

of luminous paint. It will be wise to apply it to certain features of the mask rather than to the whole. Perhaps you will want the eyebrows to glow, or phantom designs to light up. With a brush apply the paint where desired. Two coatings will produce a glow, if the painted mask is exposed to bright sunlight or strong artificial light. Luminous paint absorbs light and radiates it in the dark.

At a minimum of expense very effective masks may be made by applying a fantastic design to a paper picnic plate, especially the type moulded into three sections. Wild hair effects can be secured by fastening raffia to the upper ridge of the paper plate with a stapling machine. Colored straws purchased at the Five-and-Ten produce a bizarre look of hair on end when stapled to the plate edge. Stocking caps made out of the tops of old hosiery and fastened to the masks will enable the wearers to secure them firmly to their heads.

Creating the Designs[1]

Lead the class to the development of the designs by showing them some carefully selected examples of ceremonial or theatrical masks. Pictures of this kind can be found in school art magazines, if actual masks are not obtainable. A discussion will be in order, for many principles of design will be displayed which the pupils can absorb and apply when they set to work on their own creations. These principles are simple, and they will lead to much satisfaction for the pupils when they find themselves the creators of striking arrangements in color and form.

They will note that the mask designer frequently builds his lines and color around the shape of the eyes and the mouth. The maskmaker knows that if he tries to put too many shapes and colors in his mask it will not be effective; so he plans carefully how he will "break up" the space.

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[1] This section was written by Margaret I. Thomas.

The pupils will want to take a piece of paper and try out a few ideas. Since the plates are round, let them draw the outline with a compass, or form a circle around a piece of cardboard. When they place the eyes and mouth they will be thinking of the shape they desire for each. Curving shapes fit best in circular spaces.

Masks by Fifth Graders.

Notice the outline of the space to be filled and let the eyes and mouth follow these outlines. The mouth can be broad or long, small or large, laughing or drooping, but it should be kept curving. The eyes may be popping or merry, slanted in any direction, but they need to be curved in outline.

Now you have a good basis upon which to build the rest of your pattern. You have a balanced design, and you have kept the shapes within the plate similar to the outlines. "Breaking up" the rest of the space will occur when you decorate the eyes and mouth. Let your design flow around and out from these shapes until the cheek part has taken on other forms.

When you decorate the eyes with a thin line, do the same near the mouth. Avoid developing any large solid shapes that would dominate the design and reduce the prominence of eyes and mouth. Avoid using too many thin lines, also, as this will weaken your whole pattern. Rather, form a few interesting shapes to enhance the eyes and mouth. You may depart from featuring curves without weakening your pattern, if you use straight or angular lines only in subordinate areas such as the eyelashes or teeth.

Two bright hues will be adequate for the coloring of your masks, especially if luminous paint is used. If more variety is desired, various tones of the two colors can be produced.

If we plan to use paper plates divided into three sections, we already have one important feature—the eyes—blocked off for us. Holding the plates up to their faces, the pupils will find that their noses settle into the dividing ridge of the plate. This will help them to judge where to pierce the plates for eye holes and nostrils. Some may want to cut out nose spaces that will permit their own noses to protrude.

Using the Masks

The class will decide upon the manner in which the masks are to be used on Hallowe'en. Perhaps there will be a party in the auditorium with glowing-headed goblins dancing in the dark to the music of Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre." One group of children designed a cellar scene by applying a great cut-out spider web, a shelf of jugs and bottles, and two huge paper pumpkins to a screen. A real barrel labeled CIDER and a real jack-o'-

lantern completed the set. Against this background they presented a goblin scene introduced by a choral speaking group reciting an original Hallowe'en "scare poem" patterned after Vachel Lindsay's "The Potatoes Dance." Lights on showed the cellar scene. Lights out revealed mysterious goblin faces glowing in the dark as they danced to ghostly music. An attractive display of the masks in an autumn setting in the classroom would in itself be a fitting culmination of the lesson in mask-making.

Goblin Rhymes

A correlation of the arts brought about some verse-making by Fourth and Fifth Graders at Girard College one Hallowe'en when the following rhymes were made by individual pupils and by the classes working as a unit. A vocabulary of "Hallowe'en adjectives," developed through discussion and with dictionary aid, colored the verse-making of the children with such words as *supernatural, mysterious, weird, uncanny, enchanting.*

The Goblins

On Hallowe'en the goblins come;
With lanterns in hand they run
Up to the roof and down again.
Their tiny feet patter like rain.

MICHAEL M. 5A

A Hallowe'en Night

The moon threw down an enchanting light
As there came into view a supernatural sight—
Goblins and witches and pumpkins bright,
All ready for mischief on Hallowe'en night.

DAVID P. 5A

Hallowe'en

A shadow on the moon!
A goblin on the rail!

The witches on the ground
Are ready to sail.

ROBERT S. 5A

Hallowe'en

A dog barked in the night—
"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"
And goblins gathered in the dark
And held a mysterious pow-wow.

KELLAR B. 5A

Hallowe'en Night

A witch comes down the chimney,
A spook comes to your bed,
A goblin comes into your sleep;
You've something weird to dread.

JOHN D. 5A

Hallowe'en

The goblins play on Hallowe'en
And jack-o'-lanterns gleam,
And as the witches fly around
They chant their ghostly theme.

REX T. 5A

Golden Autumn

The Autumn leaves shine red and gold—
Summer is gone!
The pumpkins lie in yellow piles—
Autumn is here!
Gusts of wind are blowing against the quivering trees—
Winter is nigh!
The bonfires blaze up proud and high
And warm the air.

The horses plod with their loads of corn;
Barns are filled.

By Class 5A

Spooky Hallowe'en

Witches, goblins,
Skeletons too,
Run about
And stare at you.

Bonfires burn
And pumpkins smile;
Corn shocks rustle
All the while.

Ghostly figures
Prowl about;
Do you hear
The children shout?

By Class 5A

Our Hallowe'en Parade

Here comes the prancing fun parade
In costumes black and yellow and green;
Cowboys and Injuns dance around
For it is Hallowe'en.

O, Henry is a soldier boy!
And Joe is a funny Fire Chief!
Look! Jimmy has such great big ears,
And there's a thief!

(Written to the pattern of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.")

By Class 5A

Hallowe'en

Owls and bats,
Goblins and cats,
Witches and ghosts,
Lanterns on posts,
O what a scene
On Hallowe'en!

By Class 4B

Part III

USING THE CURRICULUM FOR INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION

The intercultural experiences of elementary school children described thus far were made possible by a reworking of the curriculum, not by the introduction of a new subject. Within the regular courses of study lie abundant opportunities for the development of such projects as the foregoing. Additional suggestions are presented here:

1. Elementary Science

A unit of study on the weather can be developed into a recognition of the seasons and of how people all over the world react to them. The teacher will find inspiration in reading *Storm*, by George Stewart (Random House, New York, 1941), for the sense of interdependence which it gives.

Similar values may be derived from a study of the calendar—Gregorian, Mohammedan, Jewish, Chinese, Aztec—and the proposed World Calendar (World Calendar Association, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York).

The findings of the anthropologists, which disprove theories of racial superiority, may be presented to children in simple terms.

Any study of science offers an opportunity for noting the gifts of all races and cultures to its body of knowledge—Madame Curie, Noguchi, Marconi, Edison, Carver, Pasteur, Goldberger.

2. Social Studies

In developing units of study on the peoples of the world, the teacher should not pass over the need for recognizing how various

races and cultures have contributed to the building of our country, or ignore the fact that representatives of those peoples may be living in the school's community.

The consumer co-operative movement as a social invention, not only for the promotion of economic democracy but for the counteracting of prejudice due to economic exploitation, may be approached at upper-grade levels through the operation of a little store in the classroom. Its open-membership principle will be shown to pave the way for the teamwork of all racial, cultural, and religious groups.

3. The Language Arts

The reading and writing of poetry offer opportunity for broadening the sympathies and interests of the children and for recognition of the minority-group child. Add to the usual poem lists translations from the Chinese and Japanese; read the Psalms, our heritage from ancient Israel; find collections of light verse illustrated with attractive pictures of Negro boys and girls; read the poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar, Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, and other distinguished Negro poets. When Negro dialect verse is read, let it stand side by side with the dialects of other peoples. Invite children to write poems to describe experiences precious to them. Have a poetry or song festival, as do the American Indians, the Japanese, and the Welsh.

The classroom library should include carefully selected books about America's ethnic groups. Are children reading biographies of great Negroes? Is their reading program contributing to a wider concept of what constitutes an American, of what has built and is still building America?

The English language has been enriched by great numbers of "alien" words. The dictionary is one of the teaching tools of intercultural education.

4. Mathematics

The proposed study of the calendar listed under Elementary Science involves arithmetic as well as a consideration of the contributions of all peoples to mathematical knowledge.

A study of machines—planes, cars, clocks—and their inventors provides motivation for both mathematics and intercultural education.

Population statistics in terms of the races and cultures of the world open the way at upper-grade levels to a study of arithmetic and America's peoples.

The co-operative store project proposed under Social Studies requires the aid of the arithmetic classes.

5. Music

A program may be built around the folk songs of America and other lands. Perhaps the children or their parents will be able to contribute a song in Italian, Gaelic, Russian, French, or German. In one school a high school student taught a Fifth Grade class a Spanish carol for its Christmas play.

Recordings of Chinese music, Latin-American songs, or lullabies of many lands will add interest to the program. The recordings of the "Americans All-Immigrants All" radio program contain various types of music.

6. Art

The arts are a common denominator of all peoples. Teachers of art are unavoidably teachers of intercultural education and, integrating their classroom activities with the school festival or play, with social-studies projects, and with museum trips, they arrange some of the best opportunities for knowledge of various culture groups, including those represented in the community. Home arts and crafts are important in this connection, as are the fine arts. The school might well co-operate with other community groups in providing an intercultural folk arts center, if only a

room, where examples of the arts of various peoples may be used in a functional way. (See *Immigrant Gifts to American Life,* a description of folk art exhibits throughout the United States, by Allen Eaton, Russell Sage Foundation, New York, 1932, and the periodical, *Craft Horizons,* published by American Craftsmen's Co-operative Council, America House, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.)

7. Assemblies

An all-school seasonal festival can be celebrated in the assembly room, in the gymnasium, or out of doors—a Feast of Ingathering, Feast of Lights, Feast of Early Spring. Each class might make a study of a culture group and its festival customs for the particular season and then contribute an episode to a Folk Festival developed according to the principles of festival-making.

A festival of world holidays celebrating famous struggles for liberty and the heroes or heroines of those struggles can be developed in like manner. Center the festival around one of our patriotic days. See a "Fourth of July Festival" as described by Rachel Davis DuBois in *Get Together Americans* and in Katherine Rohrbaugh's *Fun and Festival.*

School Parties

We have often mentioned the need for inviting guests representing different culture groups to the classroom as well as to the school assembly. Care should be taken to see that such a visit comes when the group is ready for it, and also that when it happens, the visit is as informal as possible; for informality adds to the learning process in social situations.

Activities for the Primary School Child

What kind of educational experiences related to intercultural understanding can the small child assimilate? Games, stories, songs, dances, and home customs of various kinds can be drawn

from the experiences of the children of any mixed group in a way to make them see the value to them of cultural diversity. If the class is homogeneous, it is even more important to find ways of bringing these varied customs into their experiences. It should not be forgotten that children from different regions of our country may have as interesting diversities in homes, foods, and customs as those from different culture groups.

One teacher reports how she used the children's interest in foods.[1] With the question, "What kind of foods do you like best?" a conversation was begun which led the children to see that people from all over the world have come to live in America, have brought their ways of cooking with them, and have given us:

Vegetable Soup	Corn Bread
Borscht	Scones
Scotch Broth	Cracked Wheat Bread
Sauerkraut	Beaten Biscuits
Spaghetti	Cinnamon Toast
Pancakes	Maple Syrup
Waffles and Syrup	Almond Cakes
Hungarian Goulash	Gingerbread
Smörgåsbord	Pretzels
Scrapple	Matzoth
Crêpes Suzette	Johnny Cake

If the class is a homogeneous group, experiences of underlying identities are often given through the use of puppets, carefully chosen pictures, and dolls which represent different racial types. Care should be taken, however, that they are not looked upon as curiosities. Through the familiar activities of dressing, feeding, cuddling, and tending the dolls, children may come to a realization that all babies need the same care.

[1] For further suggestions see *Childhood Education*, April, 1944, for recipes, stories, songs, and games of the Chinese, Finns, Icelanders, Mexicans, Negroes, Russians.

Margaret Mead emphasizes the value to young children of playing games from minority groups represented in the class and also from some foreign groups not represented, in order that the children may early see the value of cultural differences. She suggests that sometimes they should play different versions of the same game. London Bridge, which is played around the world with different words, shows that although people are different they have much in common.[2]

The intercultural Relations Committee of the Association for Childhood Education made a questionnaire study for the purpose of finding out "the kind and quality of intercultural and interracial experiences children are having in school." The following incidents gleaned from teachers in twenty-seven states suggest further ways to make it possible for intercultural education to fuuction in the primary grades:

> My children are willing to tell about customs followed in their homes since I tell about Swedish customs followed in my home at Christmas time.
>
> Jewish children tell enthusiastically about celebrations of their holidays. Often they bring matzoth and pastry to school to share with the other children.
>
> I sought the help of a Jewish rabbi in interpreting the Chanukkoh Festival, feeling that gentiles and Jews had a festival time in common in December. We developed a play featuring Indian, Hebrew, and gentile ceremonies.
>
> The children enjoy interpreting their own names such as Richard and Peter into Spanish names such as Ricardo and Pedro. We often speak of the advantages of knowing more than one language. "If we went to Mexico, we could not get what we wanted, but Lupe and Pedro could." Often the children ask, "How would you say this in Spanish?" Or, "I like that; it sounds pretty."
>
> We visited Albert's home and watched his mother bake bread in an outdoor oven. We visited Pedro's home and saw his goat.
>
> One of my pupils brought a ham sandwich to school. The ham is cured differently by Icelandic people and is very good. Another child brought a special Slovak cake and others brought

[2] *Ibid.*

> Easter eggs. Georgia brought some carefully wrapped cookies her grandmother made. Every child had a taste.
>
> One of the parents of a child in my group came to school to show us how to make tortillas. Sometimes the parents come to school to give advice on costumes for a play, to help the children with handwork, or to teach them a song or a dance.
>
> We made a large map of the world and put a flag to show where each child's parents and grandparents were born. Then we found out interesting things about these countries.
>
> Through our study of pioneer life, we discover the part Negroes played in the building of America, emphasizing their contributions to music, architecture, and agriculture.[3]

The core of the problem of prejudice among young children is emotional insecurity, and prejudice is contagious. Children begin to be conditioned in their attitudes very early. The basis of understanding or misunderstanding can be laid in the kindergarten. To the often-posed question, "At what age level is it best to begin such guidance?" it must be replied that there is no grade level where the constant, normal use of the techniques of intercultural education can be safely laid aside.

[3] *Ibid.*

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